

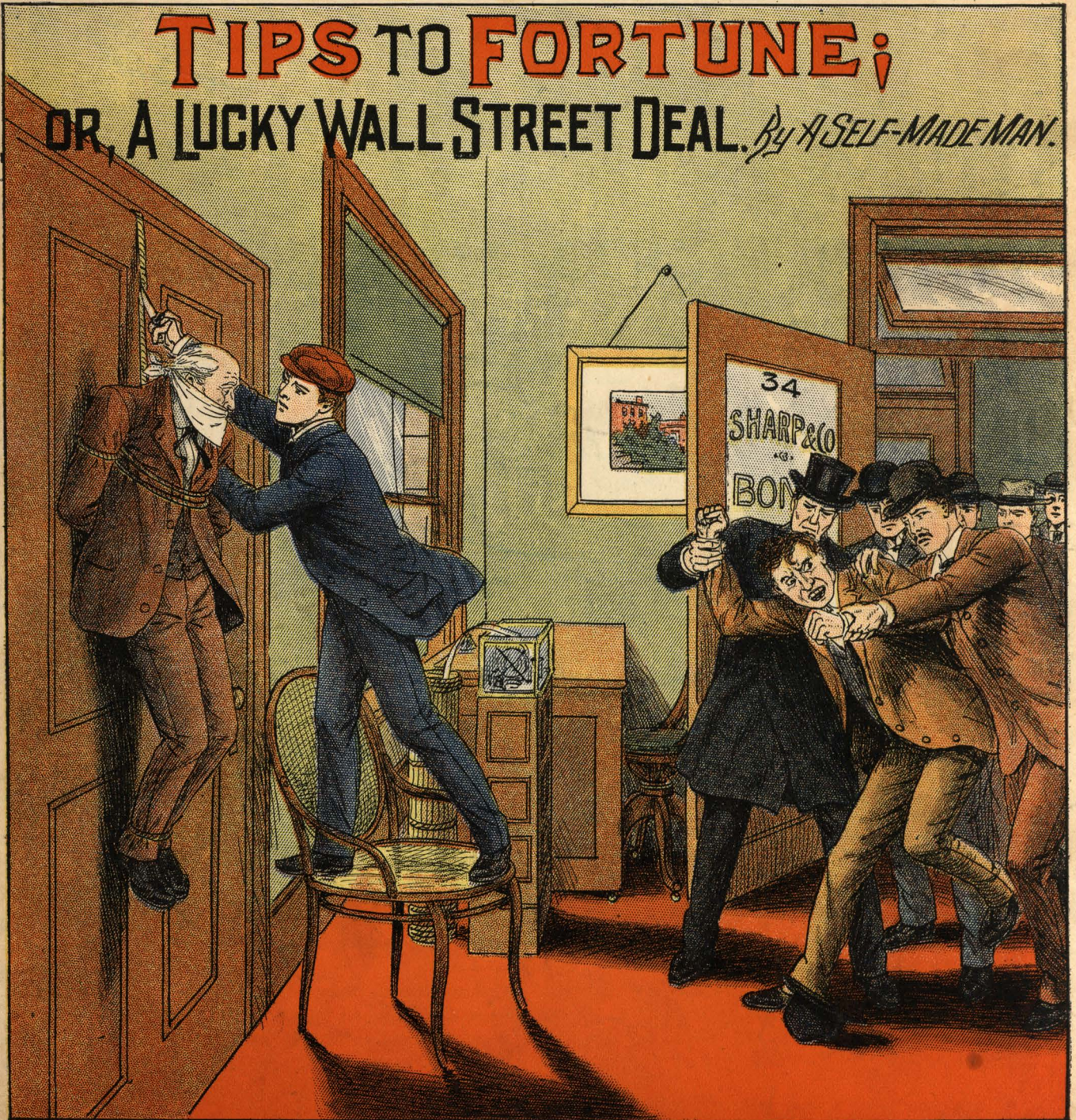
No 106.

5 Cents.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF
BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

TIPS TO FORTUNE;
OR, A LUCKY WALL STREET DEAL. *By A SELF-MADE MAN.*



As the crowd rushed into the room, and brokers Fox and Adams seized Bennett, Eddie rushed across the room, sprang upon a chair and, whisking a jack-knife from his pocket, cut the old broker down from the door.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1907, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 106.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 11, 1907.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

TIPS TO FORTUNE

OR,

A LUCKY WALL STREET DEAL

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

EDDIE SCOTT AND CHARLEY GATES.

"Get out of my office!"

"Mr. Sharp told me to bring back an answer."

"I don't care what he told you. I want you to get out."

"Then I'm to tell Mr. Sharp that you refuse to send him an answer?"

"I don't care a continental what you tell him. Get out!"

Walter Bennett, stock broker, of the Pluto Building, Wall Street, was evidently in a savage humor, and he glared at Eddie Scott, messenger and office boy for Matthew Sharp, also a stock broker, of No. — Wall Street, as though he were an ogre in a big castle and had half a mind to make a meal of the plump, good looking boy who had called on him with a note from his employer.

Whatever was in the note it was clear had not pleased Mr. Bennett, for he gritted his teeth and grinned unpleasantly while reading it.

Then he wheeled around in his chair and told the messenger to get out in tones more forceful than polite.

Eddie wasn't used to such a dismissal, and he didn't like it.

He had been carrying notes to a hundred or more brokers every week for the past two years, and he could not recall one instance where he had been so roughly treated before.

"He's a gentleman—I don't think," muttered Eddie to himself, his cheeks flushed with indignation, as he walked out into the corridor and hurried over to the elevator shaft. "He seemed to be mad over that note. There must have been something in it he didn't like."

Eddie Scott was a bright, wide awake boy.

He lived in Harlem with his widowed mother and sister Edith, a pretty, refined-looking girl, one year his junior, who had just started out as a breadwinner, too.

Mr. Sharp, Eddie's employer, a benevolent-looking old gentleman, got her a position as stenographer for an Exchange Place broker, and although she was but sixteen, and had never had any previous office experience, she made good from the start.

Mrs. Scott had reason to be proud of her two children, and naturally she was.

Since her husband's death, two years since, she had had a hard time to make ends meet, as he had left nothing but a \$1,000 life insurance, and more than half of that went to pay his just debts and funeral expenses.

Eddie had been fortunate in securing a position as office boy and messenger in Mr. Sharp's office in Wall Street, and the lad soon made himself solid with his boss by his strict attention to business, and accuracy in delivering all messages intrusted to him.

Mr. Sharp had been in business in the Street for a great many years, and there was hardly a broker but knew him either personally or by reputation.

His hair was almost white and had grown so thin as to leave the greater part of the crown of his head bald.

His age was generally computed to be seventy years.

In business matters he was very conservative, and seldom speculated.

His word was as good as most men's bond, and he was understood to be wealthy.

Mr. Everett, his cashier and head bookkeeper, had been

with him nearly forty years, but the other clerks were young men who had risen from the same position Eddie now held.

His stenographer was a pretty girl, with golden hair and blue eyes, about sixteen, named Sylvie Thorne.

She was the daughter of a clerk who had died while in Mr. Sharp's service, and the old gentleman took a paternal interest in her.

Eddie and Sylvie had struck up a warm friendship.

He thought she was the nicest girl in New York, his sister excepted; and she thought he was the smartest and most gentlemanly boy she had ever met.

From the very first Eddie had taken a great interest in Wall Street, and he devoted much of his spare time to studying Stock Exchange methods and to reading the news that interested brokers principally.

In this way he acquired quite a fund of information about stocks, and had a pretty correct idea of how business was conducted by the traders.

He made it a practice to study the market report every day, and was abreast of the situation at all times.

Indeed, he was by far the best informed boy in the Street on matters connected with the financial district.

And yet he didn't go around airing his knowledge to show how smart he was.

That wasn't his way.

He often thought if he had a little capital he could make a few dollars once in awhile above his wages, but he had no funds at his command, for his mother required the bulk of what he made to run the house, he had no opportunity to experiment with the market when he thought he saw a chance to make a strike.

When Eddie reached the elevator shaft after leaving Mr. Bennett's office he found a boy of about his own age standing there waiting for a cage to come down.

This boy's name was Charley Gates, and he worked for a broker in the same building where Eddie was employed.

Charley was rather the opposite of Eddie in looks, tastes and most everything, and yet the two boys were warm friends.

"Hello, Eddie," said Charley, in his off-hand, careless fashion.

"Hello, Charley," returned Eddie, who was always glad to see his friend.

"What do you know this morning?" grinned Charley.

"I know a thing or two more than when I left home."

"What, for instance?"

"That the market shows an upward tendency, for one thing, and that some men who seem to be gentlemen can act like hogs."

"Ho! Somebody been treating you like a hog?" asked Charley, inquisitively.

"I wasn't treated very nice by a broker in this building."

"Who was he?"

"I don't care to mention names."

"What did he do to you?"

"I brought him a note that required an answer. He not only wouldn't give me an answer, but he ordered me out of his office as if I were a pickpocket."

"Probably you brought him news that he didn't like," grinned Charley. "I nearly got thrown out of an office once for the same reason."

"That wasn't my fault."

"That doesn't make any difference. Some men don't consider a messenger's feelings. When they get a grouch on the first person they come in contact with generally suffers."

"I don't admire that kind of man."

"Neither do I, but you'll find them in Wall Street as well as in other places. My old man says human nature is the same all the world over."

"A gentleman is the same all the world over, too."

"I guess so, but they're not in the majority. Here's the elevator. Jump aboard!"

The boys reached the sidewalk and started down the street together.

"If I had \$100, or even \$50, I know how I would double it in a few days," said Gates.

"On some stock, I suppose?" replied Eddie.

"Yep."

"What makes you so cocksure that the stock will go high enough to double an investment?"

"I heard two brokers in our office this morning talking about Memphis & Nashville. One said he had positive information from the inside that Louisville Southern had secured control of the road, and that the fact would be published in a few days. He said M. & N. was bound to go up ten points on the strength of it."

"Do you know the brokers?"

"Sure. One was Frank Fox and the other Joseph Adams. Fox was the man who was doing the talking. He said he's loaded up on M. & N. and advised Adams to follow suit."

"It looks like a good tip. I've read a number of items in the Wall Street papers about the matter during the past month, and I thought there might be something in it. But you know, such rumors can never be depended on. The papers print any old thing that come their way to fill their columns. The great majority never amount to anything, consequently brokers are very careful not to put too much trust in such things."

"Fox seems to be dead sure about this matter."

"That's because he knows the source whence he got his knowledge on the subject."

"I'd be willing to take a chance on it if I had the money to back it."

"As you say you haven't the money, it's no use to you."

"That's right. Hard luck isn't it to be strapped when a good thing comes your way?"

"You aren't the only one in that boat," said Eddie.

"That's no lie, either," said Charley, as they boarded the elevator in their own building and were whirled up to the third floor.

Charley Gates worked for Ludlow, Mills & Co., whose offices faced that of Broker Sharp across the corridor, and the boys parted at that point.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT THE WHITE ENVELOPE CONTAINED.

"So he wouldn't give you an answer," chuckled Matthew Sharp, gazing at his messenger through his gold-rimmed spectacles after the boy had reported the result of his mission.

"No, sir. He just told me to get out in as rough a way as he could."

"He didn't look pleasant, then?"

"Not after reading your note, he didn't."

The old broker chuckled again.

Then he pondered a moment, tapping his desk with an ivory paper-cutter.

"That's all for the present, Eddie," he said presently, and the boy went outside and took his seat in the waiting-room.

There were several customers standing by the ticker looking at the tape as it came reeling out from the little glass-covered brass machine and dropped into the tall wicker basket alongside.

Eddie picked up the morning paper, looked over the market report for M. & N., and saw that it had closed the day previous at 58.

He also looked up L. S. and noted that it stood at 75.

"I believe Charley got hold of an A. No. 1 tip. If I had some money that I had no immediate use for I think I'd take a shy at M. & N. The stock is selling lower to-day than it has for many months. It's due for a rise of two or three points, anyway, but if the control of the road has been acquired by L. S. it ought to jump ten as soon as the news is confirmed."

At that moment the cashier called Eddie and asked him to go up Nassau Street to a stationer's and get an account book, the style of which he had noted on a slip of paper.

Eddie started on the errand.

As he opened the door to go out he ran smack into Broker Bennett, who was entering.

"Can't you see where you're going?" snarled Walker Bennett, giving Eddie a cuff on the head that made his ears tingle.

Eddie felt like kicking him, but he knew better than to make a scene, so he went on and let the caller announce himself.

As he was walking briskly up Nassau Street a big, burly A. D. T. messenger came dashing out of an office, collided with Eddie and knocked him head over heels into the street.

Eddie dropped the slip of paper he held in his hand, and the wind whisked it away.

"You big brute, what did you do that for?" exclaimed Eddie, picking himself up about as mad as he well could be.

"Why didn't you get out of my way, sonny?" chuckled the messenger, making a bluff of brushing him off.

"How could I? I didn't see you coming, but you saw me, all right. If I was anywhere near your size I'd put it all over you for that."

"Don't get mad, little boy," grinned the A. D. T. boy. "You dropped something, didn't you? There it is yonder. Run along and pick it up, and next time keep your eyes open when you're walking along."

The messenger chuckled loudly and hurried away.

"I wish I was big enough to knock his roof off," muttered Eddie, as he looked after the other, who was sailing down the street like a Kansas cyclone. "He knocked me over on purpose. Maybe some day the boot will be on the other leg."

Eddie went over to where he saw what he took to be a slip of white paper.

It proved to be merely a white envelope.

He was turning away from it when he noticed that it was sealed.

Then he reached down and picked it up.

There was evidently something inside of it.

Turning it over he saw that there was no name or address on it.

"I wonder what's in it," he mused. "Well, I'll look and see when I get back to the office."

He put the envelope in his pocket, and looked around for the slip of paper he had dropped.

He saw it in the gutter a few feet away.

Recovering it, he went on to the stationer's, which was only a short distance away.

He presented the memorandum to a clerk and received the account book he came after.

"What have you been doing to yourself? Your jacket is all covered with dust," said the clerk as he was turning away.

Eddie told him how he had been knocked into the street by a stalwart A. D. T. messenger.

"Come back here and I'll brush you off," said the clerk, good naturedly.

A whisk brush soon made the young messenger look all right again.

He thanked the clerk and took his leave.

After handing the book to the cashier he found he had to go out again.

Mr. Sharp had a note waiting for him to take to the Mills Building.

The broker he went to see was not in, and a clerk told Eddie he would probably find him at the Exchange, so to the Exchange the boy went, and asked for Broker Cahn.

Cahn was busy in the midst of a crowd of traders who were selling him stock that Eddie found out was M. & N.

The price on the board was now 58 5-8.

Eddie had to wait until Mr. Cahn left the crowd, then the attache of the Exchange brought him over to the rail, and the boy handed him the note.

He read it, dismissed Eddie with a nod and returned toward the M. & N. standard.

"Looks as if there was something doing in M. & N.," said Eddie to himself, as he walked away. "Mr. Cahn must have bought quite a lot of that stock while I was waiting for him. It's gone up, too. I wouldn't be surprised if some syndicate is buying it to make a haul when the news gets out that L. S. has got control of the road. What a pity I haven't got a little money!"

He hurried back to the office.

It was now about one o'clock and when he reached the corridor Sylvie Thorne came out of the office on her way to lunch.

The door of Ludlow, Mills & Co. opened at the same time and a dudish-looking young man came out.

His name was Algernon Travers, and he was margin clerk for L. M. & Co.

He was mashed on Sylvie, with whom he was slightly acquainted.

He had been trying for a month to make himself solid with her, but she didn't like him for a cent, and barely noticed him when they met in the corridor.

As soon as Travers saw Sylvie he made a break for her.

"Delighted to see you, Miss Thorne," he said effusively.

As she could not return the sentiment, she merely bowed in a distant way and was passing on when Algernon, who didn't propose to lose her so easily, said:

"Going to lunch, I presume?"

"Yes," she answered, coldly.

"I should be delighted to have the honor of accompanying you, Miss Thorne," he said with a smirk of satisfaction. "I am just going to lunch myself."

Sylvie felt decidedly embarrassed, but to her great relief she saw Eddie coming toward them.

Without answering Travers she rushed to the young messenger and, seizing him by the arm, said:

"I've got something to tell you."

"What is it?" asked Eddie.

"Come this way," and she began to drag him down the corridor away from the dudish margin clerk, who came to a pause, apparently much annoyed. "I want to get away from that man," she whispered in his ear.

"What! Travers! Has he been annoying you?"

"Not exactly, but I'm sure he means to insist on going to lunch with me. Can't you manage to detain him until I catch the elevator?"

"All right. Just run down stairs and catch the cage from the next floor; I'll stop him from following you."

They both started for the stairs together, and as they passed Travers Sylvie cried "Good-bye" to Eddie and darted down the steps.

At the same moment the elevator up dumped Charley Gates out on the floor.

Algernon hastened after the girl.

"Hold on, Mr. Travers, I want to see you a moment," said Eddie, reaching for the clerk's arm, intending to hold him long enough to let Sylvie catch the elevator below.

His purpose was innocently defeated by Charley rushing up and grabbing him in a playful manner.

Algernon, intent on overtaking the girl, paid no attention to Eddie's hail.

To the boy's vexation he started down the stairs at a rapid clip.

A moment later something happened that changed the situation very materially.

Algernon stepped on part of a banana peel that some boy had dropped there, and the next moment he was giving a first-class imitation of an amateur acrobat trying to stand on his head.

Bumpity, bump, bump!

Down the stairs slid and rolled the dude clerk so fast as to take away the breath of the two messenger boys, who had witnessed his misfortune.

His hat flew off and went sailing over the banisters.

"Gee whiz!" gasped Charley. "Did you ever see anything to equal that?"

"He's trying to beat the elevator," cried Eddie, laughing heartily.

"I'll bet he beats it, all right," said Gates, choking with mirth.

"We'd better go down and gather up the pieces, hadn't we?" chuckled Eddie.

"Come on. We ought to have a box to put them in."

The boys hastened down the stairs, at the foot of which the dude was picking himself up with a face that looked like seven days of rainy weather.

He was almost a wreck.

One side of his tight trousers was split down to the knee, while the back of his coat was rumped up around his neck, and a half-dried chew of tobacco he had gathered up from one of the steps clung, like a huge wart, to the leg of his trousers.

To make his misery complete Sylvie had been an astonished eye-witness of his rapid flight from the corridor above, and the racket he made had at first frightened her not a little.

"I say, Mr. Travers, what were you in such a rush about?" grinned Eddie, as he offered to dust the clerk off.

"Wasn't the elevator fast enough for you?" snickered Charley, also offering his services.

"Get away, will you?" roared Algernon, in a great rage, as he contemplated a portion of his ruffled attire, and realized that he couldn't go out on the street in that condition.

"Don't you want us to dust you off?" said Charley, trying to stifle his laughter.

"Here's your hat, Mr. Travers," said Eddie, offering it to him politely.

As several persons who came up to take the elevator down began to regard the margin clerk with not a little curiosity, wondering what had happened to him, he turned around, snatched his hat from Eddie, and rushed back up the stairs as if a mad dog was at his heels.

After explaining to the people that the young man had lost his footing on the stairs somehow and slid to the bottom of the flight, they returned to the corridor above, laughing heartily at the dude's discomfiture.

"I haven't seen anything so funny as that in a coon's age," chuckled Charley. "Not even at a vaudeville show."

"Well, I can't say that I feel sorry for him. He was trying to overtake Sylvie Thorne. He had the nerve to want to go to lunch with her. She ran down stairs ahead to give him the slip. It's all your fault, anyhow, this thing happened to him."

"How was it?" asked Charley, much astonished.

"I was just about to grab him to prevent him from following Sylvie when you rushed up and stopped me. If I had succeeded in detaining him, as I meant to, he probably wouldn't have taken to the stairs and so would have escaped the tumble."

"Oh, I see, and we would have missed the show. It's a wonder he didn't accuse us of pushing him down."

"How could he? We were not near him when he slipped. What was it he stepped on?"

"Here's the little joker—a piece of a banana peel," said Charley, pointing at the skin, which he pushed out of the way with his foot. "That was a regular skin game."

"I'll bet he skinned his legs and arms."

"They were skinny enough before," laughed Charley. "He's a regular beanpole."

The boys had another laugh over the margin clerk and then separated.

When Eddie returned to his seat in the reception-room he thought of the blank envelope he found on Nassau Street.

He took it out of his pocket and opened it.

Seven new \$100 bills dropped out into his hand.

"My gracious!" gasped the boy, gazing at them in amazement.

CHAPTER III.

EDDIE'S FIRST DEAL AND HOW IT RESULTED.

"Seven hundred dollars!" ejaculated Eddie. "Talk about luck! I could afford to be knocked into the middle of any street every day in the week at that rate. But, hold on, this money doesn't belong to me simply because I found it. Somebody lost it. Somebody, maybe, who couldn't afford to lose \$700. But I don't see how I can locate the owner, for there isn't a clue, either inside or out, of this envelope to show who lost the money. The only thing I can do is to watch and see if it is advertised for. If the owner never turns up it will belong to me."

At that moment Mr. Sharp came out of his room and said that he was going to lunch.

As soon as he left the office Eddie put on his hat and started for the quick lunch house that he and Charley Gates patronized.

While he was eating he heard three broker clerks talking about M. & N. stock.

One of them said that he guessed it would go up several points within a few days.

"What makes you think it will?" asked one of the other two.

"Because a whole lot of it changed hands at the Exchange this morning, and it has already advanced a point over yesterday's figures," he replied. "The brokers are becoming interested in it and that looks significant."

"Do you suppose a syndicate is buying it up?" said the other.

"I couldn't tell you. All I know is that it hasn't been so active in a long time, and if that doesn't mean something I'm away off in my estimates of futures."

After listening to what these clerks said about the stock, Eddie was more than ever convinced that M. & N. was a good thing to get in on near the ground floor.

On his way back to the office he told himself that it wouldn't be a bad idea for him to borrow, as it were, enough of the money he had found to put up on margin to secure 100 shares of M. & N.

The chances of winning seemed to be all in his favor, and in this way he could probably acquire a stake of \$400 or \$500 without taking any great risk with the cash that he could scarcely call his own until he had exhausted every reasonable effort to find the person who had lost it.

The idea was very enticing to Eddie, and before he went home that afternoon he determined to make the venture.

"I think I am entitled to use it while it is in my possession, and the chances are so small of the owner ever turning up. There are a good many people in this world who, if they had found that money the way I did, would take no steps whatever to look up the loser of it, but freeze onto it with both hands. I think, however, that it is the finder's duty in a case where no clue exists to make at least some effort to find the loser. Then his conscience would be clear afterward when he used the money for some purpose of his own."

As there was scarcely one chance in a hundred that Eddie would ever be called on to restore the money that had come to him in the white envelope, it might be said that he was

justified in using it to take advantage of a pretty sure thing in the market.

At any rate, that's the way he figured the thing out. On his way home he stopped into a little bank on Nassau Street that catered to small speculators through its brokerage department, and put up \$600 to secure the bank against loss on 100 shares of M. & N. stock, at about 60.

As he was passing through the counting-room just before leaving the office for the day Sylvie beckoned him over to her table.

"Wasn't that a terrible thing that happened to Mr. Travers?" she said, her eyes dancing at the recollection of the clerk's undignified tumble down the stairs, though she tried to maintain a solemn countenance. "How did it occur?"

"It was his own fault. He started to follow you down the staircase, and, owing to the unexpected appearance of Charley Gates I failed to stop him as was arranged between us. He would have caught up with you only he stepped on a piece of banana skin which lay on the stairs, and that did the business for him."

"You don't know how frightened I was when I heard the noise and saw something that looked like a man tumbling head over heels down the marble stairs. But when he picked himself up, and I saw who it was, he did look just too ridiculous for anything. I am afraid I was actually heartless enough to laugh at the figure he cut, but really I couldn't help it to save my life."

"I don't blame you. Charley and I nearly had a fit ourselves. And wasn't he mad, well say! He glared at both of us as though he thought we were the cause of his tumble. I am not sure that he wouldn't have attacked us if it hadn't been that several people came up at the moment. When he saw that he was beginning to attract a great deal of attention, he flew up stairs and disappeared."

"Yes," she said, putting her handkerchief to her face, "I saw him go. I hope he won't bother me after this. Really, I don't think I can look at him again without thinking of how funny he did look when he landed at the foot of the stairs."

Eddie could see that Sylvie was laughing behind her handkerchief, and he could not help laughing, too.

"I guess he won't trouble you again," said the boy. "He knows that you witnessed his flight through the air, and I'll bet he'll be ashamed to look at you for some time to come. Well, good afternoon, I'm off."

Thus speaking, the young messenger left the office.

Eddie said nothing to his mother or sister that night about the money he had found, as he wanted to surprise them with the profits he confidently expected to reap out of M. & N. in a short time.

Next day, whenever he found the chance, he took a look at the tape to see what further developments there were in the stock he was interested in.

Its activity continued, and nearly every broker of any importance had orders from one or more of his customers to buy it.

As a result the stock advanced to 61 that day, which fact gave Eddie a good deal of satisfaction.

He had looked in all the papers that morning to see if the \$700 was advertised for, but saw nothing to show that it was.

On the following day he did not fail to consult the lost

and found column of several newspapers, but there was nothing doing.

There was considerable doing, however, in M. & N., and the price advanced to 63, by the time the Exchange closed, at three.

"I see that M. & N. is looking up," said Charley, when the two boys met after office hours that day. "You'll find that it will be up to 70 in a day or two."

"I hope so!" replied Eddie, emphatically.

"You hope so!" said Charley. "You said that just as if you had a strong interest in the rise."

"So I have."

"In what way? You're not in on any deal."

"How do you know I'm not?"

"Because you couldn't get in without money."

"That's right; but I might have borrowed enough to let me in on 100 shares."

"One hundred shares! Why don't you call it 1,000 while you're about it?"

"I wouldn't be telling the truth."

"But are you telling the truth when you try to make me believe that you have gone long on 100? That would take about \$600 to cover the margin. Now where would you be able to borrow \$600?"

"I'm not giving away all my secrets, Charley," chuckled Eddie.

"I wouldn't if I were you," grinned Gates. "I only wish I knew where to borrow enough to buy ten shares of M. & N. I'd be satisfied with that number."

"So you think the chances are good of the stock going to 70."

"Sure. Just wait till the news I told you gets out and you'll see it go up to that figure."

"I agree with you. Some people are going to make a lot of money out of the rise."

"Bet your life they are. I feel sorry that I'm not one of the number. I guess I must have been born unlucky."

After that the conversation changed to another topic.

Charley didn't believe that Eddie had raised the money to buy even ten shares of M. & N., let alone 100.

He figured his friend's statement up as a case of jolly.

Eddie knew that Charley hadn't taken the matter seriously and he did not take the trouble to prove it to him, so the subject rested as it was.

Two days later the news that the Louisville Southern Railroad had got control of the M. & N. road was published in all the papers with official confirmation.

There was an immediate rush by the brokers to buy shares of both roads, particularly the latter.

This created a whole lot of excitement for a while at the Exchange.

L. S. went to 80 and M. & N. boomed up to 72.

Eddie then ordered his shares to be sold.

They were snapped up at 72 3-8, and he figured up a profit on his little deal of \$1,200.

Perhaps he wasn't a happy boy.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAGIC POCKETBOOK.

On the following day he got his check from the bank enclosed with a statement of account.

On his way back from lunch he went to the bank and turned the check in for a certificate of deposit for \$1,000, and \$800 cash.

He put \$200 in his pocket to take home to his mother, and the balance he added to the \$100 he had not touched of the money he found.

He enclosed the \$700 in an envelope, addressed it to himself and placed it in the office safe, there to await a possible claimant.

"Mother, do you want any money?" he asked at the supper table that night.

"I haven't seen the time since your poor father died that I didn't want it," she replied.

"How much would put you on Easy Street for awhile?"

"On Easy Street?"

"Yes, how much would pay all your debts, present and for the month, and leave you with a balance that you could spend on yourself?"

"I really couldn't say, Eddie; but if somebody liberally disposed made me a present of \$50 it would be a welcome addition to my slender resources."

"Do I look like a person of that kind?" smiled the boy.

"You! Why do you ask such a funny question?"

"Because I was thinking of presenting you with a sum of money which I think you can use to better advantage than I at present."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed his sister Edith. "One would think he had suddenly become a capitalist by the way he talks."

"Perhaps I have, puss," replied Eddie. "Lots of strange things happen in this world."

"But the acquisition of a roll of bankbills is not likely to happen to us," replied his sister.

"People, especially little girls, should never be too positive of anything," chuckled Eddie.

"Well, I like your nerve calling me a little girl. I'm big enough to earn money in Wall Street as well as you."

"That's true, and big enough to have a beau, too," laughed Eddie.

"I haven't any beau," flushed Edith.

"What's the matter with Charley? He calls here two or three times a week."

"He doesn't call to see me."

"Who does he call to see?"

"You, of course."

"Don't you believe it. I'm only the excuse. He comes to see you."

"He does not," blushed Edith.

"What are you blushing about?"

"Mother, make Eddie stop teasing me."

"All right. We'll get back to the original subject. Would \$200 satisfy you for the present, mother?"

"Two hundred dollars!" ejaculated his mother. "I only wish I had so much."

"Well, I think there should be no difficulty in your getting that much. Here is a pocketbook I bought this afternoon. It is a magic one."

"A magic one!" exclaimed his sister.

"That's what I said."

"What is there magic about it?"

"You see it has a silver clasp, don't you? On that clasp,

if you will examine it, are stamped the figures of a huntsman and a hare."

"Let me see," said Edith, reaching for it. "So there are. Aren't they cute?"

"Hold on, Edith," said Eddie, as she was about to open the wallet. "Don't open it yet."

"Why not?"

"You'll spoil the magic if you open it without wishing. Besides, you mustn't open it, anyway. That's for mother to do. She wants \$200, she says."

"How is she going to get it?"

"She must make a wish in rhyme, and use the words 'silver huntsman' and 'silver hare,' also '\$200,' then when she opens the pocketbook she'll find the money."

"Isn't that too ridiculous for anything!" cried Edith.

"Go on, mother," said Eddie. "Hold the pocketbook in your right hand and make the rhyming wish."

The little mother laughed and declared that she couldn't make a rhyme to save her life.

"Make one for her, Edith. You're pretty clever."

"You just want to make a fool of mother," objected the girl. "Just as if she'd find \$200 in that wallet after making such a nonsensical wish."

"There's no nonsense about \$200," answered Eddie. "Go on and make a rhyme, Edith, so that mother can get the money she wants. Maybe she'll give you a nickel then for your trouble."

"I'm not going to do any such thing. You want to have the laugh on me," pouted the girl.

"No, I don't. If you make a good rhyme I'll guarantee mother will find the money in the wallet."

"If I believed anything so preposterous I'd sit up all night trying to make it, but I know better."

"Well, just try for fun," said Eddie, persuasively.

Edith thought a moment.

"I've got one," she cried, clapping her hands.

"Let's have it, then."

"Silver huntsman, silver rabbit, give me \$200 and I'll grab it."

"That isn't a rabbit, you goose, that's a hare," laughed Eddie. "Make another."

"Silver huntsman, silver hare——"

"Why don't you go on?" said Eddie, as Edith stopped, not knowing what else to say.

"Silver huntsman, silver hare, make \$200 appear. There, now, isn't that good enough?" said the girl.

"We'll have to see. Open the pocketbook, mother, and see if the magic has worked," said Eddie.

Mrs. Scott opened the wallet, and there, stuck in one of the compartments, were two brand-new yellow-back bills.

She mechanically took them out, and behold! each one was marked \$100.

Perhaps mother and daughter were not amazed.

"Why, Eddie Scott!" cried his sister. "Where did that money come from?"

"From the pocketbook, of course. Where else?" he chuckled.

"Where did you get that pocketbook and that money, Eddie? Did you find them?"

"No. I bought that wallet on Broadway."

"But the money?"

"I made that out of a lucky deal in the stock market."

"You don't mean it."

"I do mean it. I went along on a few shares of M. & N. at 60, and sold out at 72 3-8. Profit, \$12 a share. That's how I made it."

Edith was astonished.

"Then mother can use that money?"

"Of course. It's hers to do with as she chooses."

"What a lucky boy you are," cried the girl, forgetting to ask Eddie where he got the money necessary to put up as a margin on the deal.

"I wonder what they'd say if I told them I had made \$1,000 in addition to that \$200," thought Eddie. "I guess I won't spring that on them yet awhile. They'd have a fit," he chuckled.

After Edith got over her first excitement, she began to question her brother about the deal, but the boy adroitly stood her off.

The little mother was overjoyed to find herself in possession of what seemed to her a large sum of money.

She declared that Eddie must be an uncommonly smart boy to be able to make so much money over and above his wages.

Her son laughed, told her he would expect to see her dressed up like a lady after this, and then put on his hat and went out.

CHAPTER V.

A RASCALLY PIECE OF BUSINESS.

For a couple of weeks Eddie watched the lost and found columns in the leading newspapers every day, but no advertisement referring to the lost \$700 appeared.

"I guess that money will never be inquired after," he said to himself. "It's been a lucky find for me, all right, for it's put \$1,200 into my pocket so far, and is liable to put more than that there in the long run. It turned up just when it was of the most use. Such things don't often happen in this world, at least not to my knowledge. I think I may as well consider that money as good as belonging to me now. However, as I have no particular use for it at present I'll let it remain in the safe."

Eddie's reflections were interrupted by Mr. Sharp's bell calling him inside.

"Here is a note that I want you to take to Mr. Bennett," said the old broker.

"Want an answer?" asked the boy.

"I would like one."

"Perhaps I'd better take a shot gun with me, then," chuckled Eddie. "You know he wouldn't give me an answer the last time I carried him a note, and he ordered me out of his office as though I had the smallpox."

"It is possible that he may consider it advisable to give you an answer this time," said the broker.

"All right, sir," and Eddie started for the Pluto Building, wondering what kind of a reception he would get from Walker Bennett.

Mr. Bennett's office was on the fifth floor back, and he occupied a suite of two rooms, the smaller of which he used as a private office.

His clerical force consisted of two clerks, who filled in their time at tall desks, and a diminutive red-headed office boy, who also carried his messages.

Typewriter he had none, his work being done by a girl from the public stenographer's office on the tenth floor, who called to take dictation, which she afterward reproduced on her machine upstairs, whenever he sent for her.

Mr. Bennett did not have a seat in the Stock Exchange, but he had an arrangement with a member to transact business for him when he could not buy what he wanted on the outside himself.

Walker Bennett was a pretty slick trader in his way, but his way wasn't greatly admired by those who knew his methods.

It happened that a few days before the opening of our story a widow in reduced circumstances, who, after her husband's death, had invested her small means in a boarding house, had found in an old trunk a bunch of copper mining stock certificates.

They represented 5,000 shares of the Montana Copper Mining Company.

Her husband had paid twenty cents a share for the stock.

The mine had not panned out according to expectations, and at his death the shares were rated as almost worthless.

Subsequently developments in the mine proved that it was really rich in copper ore of a high grade, and when the widow found the shares they had a ready sale at \$5 a share.

She, however, had no idea of their value, and from the fact that they had lain so long in the old trunk thought they could not be worth much.

One of her boarders to whom she showed them advised her to take them to some broker in Wall Street and ascertain if they were worth anything.

It happened that she saw Walker Bennett's advertisement in an afternoon paper, and next day she carried the certificates to his office and instituted inquiries.

Mr. Bennett, who knew right away what they were worth, saw that she was ignorant of their value, and he offered her fifty cents a share for them.

As this was a great deal more than she expected to get, she joyfully accepted his offer.

Mr. Bennett's bank account happened to be down to rock bottom at the time and he told her to come back in an hour and he would have the money for her.

As soon as she had gone he took the certificates over to his bank and raised a loan of \$15,000 on them.

In the meantime the lady, whose name was Wise, accidentally met one of Mr. Sharp's clerks on the street as she came out of the Pluto Building.

He had formerly boarded with her, and he stopped to talk with her.

Incidentally she mentioned that she had come down to Wall Street to sell 5,000 shares of the Montana Copper Mining Company, which she had found in a disused trunk.

"Five thousand shares!" exclaimed the clerk, in surprise. "Allow me to congratulate you on such a valuable discovery. It is only within the last year that they have become really valuable. To tell you the truth, I think you ought to hold on to them. It is my opinion they will be worth \$10 a share six months from now."

"Ten dollars a share!" exclaimed Mrs. Wise, in astonishment.

"Certainly. Copper is going up, and the Montana mine is turning out a fine grade of ore. It has jumped from \$1 to \$5 a share inside of the last fourteen months."

"I do not understand you," said the widow, rather bewildered. "Mr. Bennett offered me fifty cents a share for the stock, and as I did not expect to get anything like that much I accepted his offer."

"Fifty cents, Mrs. Wise!" cried the clerk. "Why that is ridiculous. The stock is worth \$5 a share this moment. Are you sure it is Montana Copper? You must have made a mistake in the name. No reputable broker would try to swindle you in that way."

"I am sure the name of the mine is the Montana Copper Company."

"Then I cannot understand how any broker would offer you only fifty cents a share. Who is the broker?"

"Mr. Walker Bennett. I saw his advertisement in the 'Evening Moon' yesterday."

"Walker Bennett, eh? Will you be advised by me, Mrs. Wise?"

"Certainly, Mr. Dean."

"Then come with me and I will introduce you to Mr. Sharp, my employer. He's an old broker of many years standing in the Street. You may rely on his judgment. If Mr. Bennett paid you only fifty cents a share for Montana Copper stock that is worth \$5 a share I have no doubt but you can proceed against him in the courts."

"He hasn't paid me the money yet. He told me he would have it in an hour."

"If he hasn't paid you, then you'd better call the deal off at once. Did you leave your certificates with him?"

"Yes."

"Why, he could easily hypothecate them for five or six times what he agreed to pay you. Why, that's a rascally trick. If you are determined to sell the stock Mr. Sharp will get you \$25,000 for the 5,000 shares, or will take them off your hands himself at that price."

Mrs. Wise, greatly flustered, accompanied Dean to Mr. Sharp's office, and the clerk introduced her to the old gentleman, at the same time telling him of the transaction that the widow said she had had with Walker Bennett.

Mr. Sharp then took up the matter, but he had an idea that the lady must have made some mistake in the name of the stock, for though he knew that Bennett did not bear the best of reputations, he could scarcely believe that he had tried to perpetrate such a swindle on the widow.

After talking to her a while he advised her to return to Mr. Bennett and call the deal off, assuring her that if the stock was really Montana Copper he would sell it for her at the present market price of \$5 a share.

For fear that Mr. Bennett might resort to any bull-doing tactics, in the event that the stock was Montana Copper, he delegated Dean to go with her.

Bennett was waiting for her with his check already made out.

She refused to accept it and said that she had reconsidered her purpose of selling the stock, asking him to return it.

This he could not do, then, even if he was disposed to do so, as he had put the certificates up as security for the loan he had got at the bank.

He insisted that a deal was a deal and again tendered her his check.

Then Dean chipped in and asked him what he meant by only offering fifty cents a share for stock worth \$5.

Bennett immediately told Dean that it was none of his business what he offered for the stock.

The lady had accepted his offer and he now considered the stock his property.

Dean demanded the return of the certificates.

The broker refused to give them up.

"All right," replied Dean. "As this lady has sold that stock to Mr. Sharp at the market you will have to reckon with him. Come, Mrs. Wise, we will go."

"Mr. Sharp can't do a thing," snarled Bennett. "I bought the stock and I mean to hold it. If Mrs. Wise refuses to accept my check that's her lookout. I shall hold it in my safe subject to her order."

Dean took the widow back to his office and reported to Mr. Sharp.

"Do you wish to sell your stock to me at \$5 a share, Mrs. Wise?" asked the old trader.

"Gladly," she replied.

"Give me an order on Mr. Walker Bennett for the shares and I will give you my check for \$1,000 on account. When I receive the certificates the balance of the money will be sent you. Is that satisfactory, madam?"

"Perfectly," she answered.

She made out the order, accepted the check, and then took her departure.

When Eddie Scott came in shortly afterward Mr. Sharp wrote a demand on Bennett for the certificates and sent Eddie over with it.

Bennett read the note and told the boy to get out of the office, as we described in the opening of the story.

Shortly after Bennett called in person on the old trader to argue the matter.

Mr. Sharp handled him without gloves and threatened him with arrest.

That brought Bennett down from his high horse, and he agreed to deliver the stock in a day or two, as soon as he got it back from the bank.

He didn't keep his word, but sent his messenger around to Mr. Sharp and asked for more time, on the ground that he had been obliged to use the money he had received for the stock to save himself in some deal he claimed to be interested in, and requested an extension of ten days.

Mr. Sharp granted it, but as that period had more than elapsed, he felt obliged to send Eddie around a second time with a peremptory demand for the stock.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW EDDIE GOT A TIP.

"I wonder if he'll fire me out bodily this time," chuckled Eddie, as he took the elevator in the Pluto Building and asked the operator to let him out at the fifth floor.

When he entered Walker Bennett's office the red-headed office boy came forward and asked him his business.

"I want to see Mr. Bennett," said Eddie.

"He's engaged. You'll have to wait."

"How long will I have to wait?"

"Dunno," replied the boy.

"S'pose you take this note in and ask him for an answer," said Eddie.

"Couldn't do it."

"Why not? It's important, and I can't wait all day."

The boy made no reply, but walked over to his chair.

"I s'pose I'll have to wait," muttered Eddie.

He walked over to an open window next to the private office.

It looked out on a wide well or space between the Pluto Building and another that fronted on Pine Street.

Leaning over the sill, the boy began to watch a pretty typewriter across the open space.

Suddenly he heard Bennett's voice in the private room, the window of which was also wide open.

"You are sure your information is correct, Oxley?" he said.

"Positive," replied the man named Oxley. "My brother-in-law is secretary of the company. He gave me the tip not an hour ago. The S. & W. has been prospecting this land for the better part of a year, in fact, ever since it took title to the property. An immense bed of the finest red-ash coal has been discovered. It will add millions to the assets of the road, and send its securities above par as sure as you are standing there. You can't do better than buy S. & W. if you have to borrow the money to do it with. It is a perfectly safe risk on margin, for the stock will never be lower than it is to-day. You can gamble on that with absolute certainty. In less than a week the stock will be ten points higher, and it will stay there. If you want any of it you'll have to get busy at once, for the directors and their friends have brokers looking for the stock all through the Street."

"I'll do what I can, but I'm pretty well strapped at present, for I'm in head over heels on a couple of deals that are not yet ripe for selling. To make things worse, I expect to hear any moment from that old scoundrel Sharp, who has me on the hip in a matter of 5,000 shares of Montana Copper which I have not paid for, but have hypothecated with the Wall Street Trust Company for a \$15,000 loan. I've a great mind to sell the stock and take the chances of making a settlement later."

"I would. Put the money into S. & W. on margin and you'll make enough to settle with your man twice over."

"I'm afraid he won't wait, for I haven't kept my agreement with him. He's one of those methodical old chaps that wants his pound of flesh down on the nail."

"Go and see him and compromise for more time."

"I doubt if I'll be able to do anything with him."

"Nonsense! You ought to be able to square things with him. He's an old man. Make a date after office hours when there's little chance of you being interrupted, if you have to—"

"Have to what?"

"You ought to know without my telling you."

"Make it plainer, please, Oxley."

Oxley said something in a low tone that Eddie didn't catch.

There was silence for a moment or two, then Bennett said:

"By George! I will if he drives me to it. If he gives me a chance to pull out on this matter of S. & W., well and good; if he doesn't—well, there'll be something doing, that's all."

"That's right," encouraged Oxley. "If you can't raise the money any other way sell those Montana Copper shares

and buy S. & W. In a week you'll be on Easy Street. I'll guarantee that."

"I'll follow your advice, Oxley," said Bennett. "I know you're a good friend of mine. You've done me favors before this. You haven't pressed me, either, for that I. O. U. that I owe you, and I shan't forget it. I'll square up when I make the raffle."

"Of course you will. I know you're good for it. Besides, I'm ready to give you a chance to win it back again whenever you choose to have another quiet little game."

"All right, Oxley, I'll go you as soon as I get on my feet again."

"Well, I'm off. Don't forget to act on the hint I gave you if you're forced into a corner. Bite back, old man, and bite hard."

With those words Oxley came out of the private room and headed for the door.

Eddie turned around and looked at him.

He was a stout, aggressive-looking man, with a full face and jowls like a bull dog.

He looked like a high liver, and a man accustomed to having his own way.

After he was gone Eddie walked into the inner office and was greeted by Broker Bennett with a scowl.

He remembered the boy and knew the errand he came upon.

Snatching the envelope out of his hand, Bennett read the enclosure.

Eddie could see that he didn't like the contents for a cent.

Instead of ordering the boy out, however, he drew a pad towards him and after a moment's thought wrote a reply, which he enclosed in one of his own envelopes, addressing it to Matthew Sharp, and handed it to the young messenger without a word.

Eddie was quite pleased to get off so easily.

On the way back to the office he turned over in his mind what he had accidentally heard through the open window.

He was particularly interested in the matter of S. & W.

It was evidently a first-class tip he had got hold of, and he decided to avail himself of it at once.

He also pondered a bit over that part of the conversation between Walker Bennett and Oxley which evidently had reference to Mr. Sharp.

Eddie didn't like the tone of it, and was half inclined to believe that Mr. Bennett had decidedly unfriendly intentions toward the old broker.

Now Eddie didn't know anything about the Montana Copper Mining Co. certificates, nor that Mr. Sharp was engaged in righting a wrong that had been worked on the widow named Wise, to the extent at least of keeping her out of her stock for as long a time as Mr. Bennett could manage to do it while he was getting the good out of the money he had raised upon the certificates at his bank.

But he was sharp enough to understand that 5,000 shares of Montana stock was evidently the cause of the friction between his employer and Broker Bennett.

Bennett had admitted to Oxley that he had hypothecated the 5,000 shares which he had not paid for, and even said that he had a mind to sell the stock to raise additional funds for the deal in S. & W.

Eddie had little doubt but that his errand to Mr. Ben-

nett's office had direct reference to the Montana Copper stock, and he wondered if it wasn't his duty to tell Mr. Sharp what he had overheard in connection therewith.

This, however, would bring out the fact that he had been listening at the open window to conversation not intended for his ears, and the boy, now that the thing was over, began to feel rather ashamed at having accidentally played the part of an eavesdropper, and he felt a natural backwardness about bringing the circumstances to his employer's attention.

When he entered Mr. Sharp's presence with his answer from Mr. Bennett he was still undecided whether to mention what he had heard or not.

Finally he returned to his seat outside without speaking about it.

His attention was once more turned to a matter of more importance in his mind—namely, the tip he had picked up on S. & W.

He looked up the previous day's market report and found that the stock was going at 84.

"I have cash enough to put up the necessary margin on 200 shares," he said to himself. "Then if it goes up ten points I'll clear \$2,000 profit. That would be fine. Nothing like getting in on the ground floor. The only way to deal in stocks is to buy when they're low and sell out when they go up as high as you think it is safe to hold on."

When he went to lunch he stopped in at the little bank on Nassau Street, taking the envelope along with the \$700 to add to the certificate of deposit he held against the bank.

After an interview with the margin clerk he came away with the memorandum of the transaction in his pocket.

He met Charley going into the quick lunch house, and, catching him by the arm, they went in together and took adjoining seats at the counter.

"Beef stew for me," ordered Gates.

"I'll take the same," said Eddie, "though I'd rather have boned turkey, but I don't see it on the bill of fare."

The girl who took the order laughed and went down behind the counter to get the two beef stews.

"What did you give the girl that jolly for?" asked Charley. "You wouldn't know boned turkey if you saw it."

"How do you know I wouldn't?" replied Eddie.

"Because you've never had any in your life."

"Is that so, smarty? You don't know how often I've lunched at Del's."

"When you lunch at Del's I'll expect to hear that roosters stop crowing."

"Just wait till my ship comes in and I'll take you there and treat you to a swell meal."

"When do you expect your ship to come in?" grinned Charley.

"When S. & W. goes within hailing distance of par."

"S. & W. What have you to do with S. & W.?"

"I'm long on 200 shares."

"You are—I don't think," replied Charley, sarcastically.

"You seem to be getting into the fashion of doubting my word lately. What have I done to deserve such incredulity on your part?"

"You can't jolly me for a copper coin, Eddie Scott. I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff."

"One would think you had whiskers to hear you talk."

"Don't worry about me. Here's your stew. Eat it and be thankful you've got the price in your pocket."

"You never asked me how I came out on that 100 shares of M. & N.," said Eddie, after the stew had disappeared from both plates.

"More jolly. If you had had the dough to put up on 100 shares of M. & N. you'd have made enough to start yourself up in the business as a broker."

"Would you become a broker on a capital of \$1,200?"

"Hardly."

"Then what do you mean by your remark?"

"Just wind—the same kind as you're giving me."

"Then you don't believe I made \$1,200 on M. & N.?"

"Not on your life, I don't."

"And you don't believe I'm long on 200 S. & W. at this moment?"

"Nixy."

"I could prove it to you if I wanted to, but I wouldn't take the trouble."

"I wouldn't," chuckled Charley. "What kind of pie are you going to finish up on?"

"I know what kind you ought to eat."

"What kind?"

"Lemon. Next time you come around to the house I'll tell Edith to hand you a large and juicy one."

Charley thumped Eddie in the ribs, and a few minutes afterwards they paid their checks and walked back to their offices.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT EDDIE SAW THROUGH THE KEYHOLE.

In the ground corridor they found Algernon Travers waiting for the elevator.

He pretended that he didn't see the boys.

Eddie had only seen him once at a distance since the banana peel incident.

Sylvie Thorne, much to her satisfaction, hadn't seen him at all.

The margin clerk looked as dudish as ever, and seemed to have fully recovered from the discomfiture he had experienced on that occasion.

He entered the elevator first, the boys followed, and the man in charge was about to close the door when Sylvie appeared.

"Hello, Sylvie," said Eddie. "Going up?"

"Yes."

"So is the market, I believe."

"Aren't you witty?"

"Don't you observe the intellectual countenance of my friend Gates?"

"Why, how do you do, Charley?" she said, with a laugh.

"I do everybody I know if I get the chance," chuckled Gates.

"Don't mind him, Sylvie," said Eddie. "He was born that way; but he's perfectly harmless."

"Fine day, Miss Thorne," chipped in Travers, at this moment. "Charmed to see you looking so well."

Sylvie glanced in the dude's direction, made a slight bow, but said nothing.

"Why, hello, Mr. Travers, delighted to see that you have recovered from your accident on the staircase," said Eddie, loudly.

The margin clerk returned this greeting with a scowl.

Then the elevator stopped and they all got out.

Sylvie hurried ahead for fear that Travers would try to engage her in conversation, while the margin clerk stalked toward his office with great dignity.

The boys followed more slowly, laughing at the dude, and finally entered their offices.

"Eddie," said Mr. Sharp, when the boy returned from the bank a few minutes after three, "I want you to take a letter over to Jersey City. There will be an answer, or a package. If the latter, bring it here, as I shall want to put it in the safe. If you should happen to be detained I'll wait for you till six. I have got to stay down anyway, as I expect Mr. Bennett here at five."

"All right, sir," replied the young messenger, taking the note and starting for the Cortlandt Street ferry.

The envelope was addressed to a firm of mining brokers in Jersey City.

Three-quarters of an hour later Eddie delivered the note to the head of the firm.

"Take a seat outside, young man," said the mining broker. "I'll have to send one of my clerks for the package."

Eddie picked up a newspaper and began to read to pass the time.

While he was thus engaged, with his chair tilted back against the wooden partition which separated the private office from the general business room, a stout man came in and asked for the head of the firm.

He was shown into the inner room.

"Good afternoon, Townsend," said the newcomer, in a loud voice that penetrated the partition and reached Eddie's ears. "I've got a tip for you."

"Sit down, Carson, and let's hear what it is," said Townsend.

At the word "tip" Eddie pricked up his ears.

"You've heard of the Red Top, haven't you?" said Carson. "It's been a sort of shuttlecock for the New York Curb for the past six months."

"Yes. What about it?"

"I've just had a private letter from a friend in Goldfield who is superintendent for the company. He says they've struck a lead in a cross-cut that will beat anything in the district for values. He advises me to pick up as many shares as I can in the Eastern markets, for the stock is bound to go up to \$2 or \$3 a share within a month or so. It is now selling at sixty cents, and weak at that. What do you say to going in with me on this thing? There are a whole lot of shares floating around here and in New York. I haven't capital enough to spare to handle as much of them as I'd like, and I hate to see a good thing go to waste."

"I'm with you, Carson, if you can make it plain to me that you've got good, solid facts to back you up."

"I'll show you the letter. You can read it and form your own conclusions."

There was an interval of silence during which Broker Townsend read the letter produced by his visitor.

"That looks all right," he said. "I'll go in with you on this, but I guess there's no need of any rush. I'm on a big deal that I expect to wind up by the end of the week. By that time Red Top may be down to fifty cents a share. It looks weak in the knees to me at present. Suppose we let

things rest till, say next Wednesday, and then I'll be ready to sail in with you and corral all the shares in sight?"

"That suits me," replied Carson. "I know where I can put my hands on 20,000 shares at this moment. Caldwell, up the street, has 5,000; Blakeley has 5,000, and Murphy, of No. — Broad Street, New York, has 10,000. There are 20,000 or more shares scattered about among the Broad Street Curb brokers. We must figure on taking in all that as quietly as possible. I count on making \$100,000 profit between us, and that is worth while."

"I should say it was," answered Townsend.

They continued to talk awhile longer on the matter, and then Carson got up and took his leave.

Half an hour had elapsed and the clerk had not yet returned with the bundle Eddie was to take back to the office.

While pretending to read the paper his mind was busy over the pointer on Red Top Gold Mining Co. shares.

"If I wasn't in on S. & W. to the extent of my little capital I'd jump right in and get ahead of these gentlemen who have the tip. I could put up the margin on nearly 30,000 shares at 60, and could steer the bank onto the brokers who hold 20,000. Still it wouldn't do to go the whole hog, for the stock might drop to fifty cents, as Mr. Townsend here hinted. No, 20,000 shares would be as many as I could safely handle on margin. But what's the use talking? My money is tied up for the next week or ten days, probably, and by that time Red Top will be gobbled up by Mr. Carson and his friend Townsend. The only thing I can do will be to get out of S. & W. as soon as possible and then try and get any Red Top that may happen to be left. I wish that clerk would come in with that package. It's going on to five now, and I want to get back to the office."

Eddie had to wait fifteen minutes longer before the clerk returned.

He had to sign a receipt for ten Reading Railroad First Mortgage bonds, that were in the package, and then he started for New York.

It was half-past five when Eddie struck Wall Street, and ten minutes later he was at the door of his office.

The main door was locked, as he expected it might be, for he knew the clerical force had been gone some time before.

As he knew that Mr. Sharp was waiting for him he went to the door of the private office opening on the corridor and knocked.

He thought he heard a movement of someone inside, and he waited patiently for his employer to let him in.

The door was not opened, however, and, thinking that Mr. Sharp had not heard him, he knocked again, louder than before.

This time not a sound came from the other side of the door.

All was silent, and no one came to open the door.

"I wonder if he could have gone home?" Eddie asked himself. "He said this package had to be locked in the safe, and that he'd wait here till six o'clock. It wants nearly thirty minutes of six yet. It isn't at all like Mr. Sharp to go off when he said he would stay. I'll knock again."

He knocked for the third time, and the result was the same as before.

"I wish I could see the desk where he sits through the keyhole, but it isn't in line with it, being at the window."

However, Eddie decided to look through the keyhole, anyway.

He stooped and applied his eyes to the opening.

What he saw caused him to give a gasp almost of horror.

He was looking right at the door which opened from the private room into the reception-room.

Suspended against that door, with his arms bound behind his back and a handkerchief tied across his mouth, was Matthew Sharp.

His ankles were also secured by a cord.

He was at least two feet from the floor, with his bald head nearly on a level with the top of the door.

In his first excitement Eddie thought the old broker had committed suicide.

A moment's reflection told him that he couldn't very well have hanged himself and tied himself up in that fashion, too.

In fact, it was clearly impossible that he could have secured his hands behind his back.

Then, too, he could see by certain feeble movements that Mr. Sharp was not dead.

Also that the rope by which he was suspended was not around his neck, but about his chest.

It was secured at the top by being jammed in the closed door.

"There have been burglars here," thought Eddie. "They found the old man at his desk and trussed him up in that fashion to prevent him giving an alarm. I must call the janitor, get in and cut him down."

As Eddie was removing his eye from the keyhole he saw a man's leg appear for a moment in his line of vision.

"Gosh! There's someone in there. Must be the rascal who did the deed. I'll have to summon more than the janitor. We've got to capture him."

He took another look through the keyhole, when, to his utter amazement, the man inside walked right up to the suspended broker and shook his fist in his face.

It wasn't that act that astonished the boy, but the fact that he recognized the intruder.

It was Walker Bennett, of the Pluto Building up the street.

CHAPTER VIII.

EDDIE MAKES A HAUL OUT OF S. AND W.

"My gracious! Walker Bennett!" gasped Eddie. "This is his work, then. What a rascal he is. He's evidently trying to get back at the old man. That man Oxley, who gave him the tip on S. & W., put him up to this, I'll bet. I remember I heard him say 'bite back and bite hard.' All right, Mr. Bennett, I'll see if I can do you up this trip. I'll get the janitor and one of his assistants to land on you like a car full of bricks."

Thus speaking, Eddie hastened away to get help.

He didn't have to go far, as it happened.

A number of brokers who had been holding a meeting in one of the offices on that floor came out as Eddie was passing the door.

He recognized Brokers Frank Fox and Joseph Adams among them.

"Mr. Fox and gentlemen, I'd like your attention a moment," he cried in a tone and manner that attracted their immediate notice.

"What is it, young man?" asked Broker Fox. "You're Sharp's messenger, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

Then he hurriedly told them what was going on in Mr. Sharp's private office.

Needless to say, they were greatly astonished.

"Walk up there and take a look through the keyhole, Mr. Fox, and you will see that I haven't overstated the facts," said Eddie.

The broker did so, while the rest followed at a distance.

Mr. Fox had no difficulty in finding out that the boy had told the truth.

As he came back the janitor's assistant, who looked after that floor, appeared.

"You've got a key that will open that door, haven't you?" said Mr. Fox to him, after he was told that crooked work was going on in the room.

"Sure I have," he replied.

"Then come along," said Fox. "Open it up and we'll catch the man before he can escape."

The janitor walked softly up to the door, followed by Eddie and the brokers, inserted the key and suddenly threw the door open.

As the crowd rushed into the room, and Brokers Fox and Adams seized Bennett, Eddie rushed across the room, sprang upon a chair and, whisking a jackknife out of his pocket, cut the old broker down from the door.

Then the boy cut his arms and ankles loose, and tore the handkerchief from his mouth.

The old man was almost done up, and Eddie had to support him in the chair.

It was several minutes before he could speak, and while the other brokers gathered about him, Fox and Adams maintained a firm hold on the struggling Bennett.

The janitor went to the broker's desk, put the telephone receiver to his ear and communicated with the nearest police station.

When Mr. Sharp recovered his speech he said that after a short business interview with Walker Bennett the latter suddenly flew into a rage and knocked him down.

While he was half-dazed the broker produced a rope, gagged and bound him, and then hoisted him up against the door.

Then he proceeded to try and achieve his purpose by threatening him with more severe measures.

To what extreme he might have gone if he had not been interrupted by the entrance of the rescue party Mr. Sharp could not say, but he knew that Bennett was in an ugly humor, and seemed capable of inflicting any kind of an indignity on him.

Broker Fox demanded of Walker Bennett what he meant by assaulting such an old man as Mr. Sharp in so cruel a way.

Bennett, however, refused to make any excuse for his conduct, remaining stubbornly silent.

A couple of policemen presently appeared from the station, and Matthew Sharp requested them to arrest Bennett on the charge of murderous assault.

With Eddie he went to the station and made the charge in due form.

Bennett had nothing to say, and was locked up.

Before he was put into the cell he handed an officer a dollar bill to telephone his predicament to his lawyer at his home.

Next morning he was brought before the magistrate of the Tombs Police Court for examination.

The evidence was so strong against him that he was held under heavy bail for the action of the Grand Jury.

Two brokers, particular friends of his, went on his bail bond and he was released, pending his trial.

That afternoon he recovered the Montana Copper certificates and sent them to Mr. Sharp.

Mr. Sharp felt very grateful to Eddie for being the means of having him relieved from his painful situation, and he presented him with his check for \$500 as a small evidence of his appreciation.

Of course the incident was in the newspapers, and Eddie came in for his share of public notice in connection therewith.

A procession of traders came to Mr. Sharp's office that day to congratulate him over his escape from what might have proved a very serious matter to a man of his advanced age, and to try and find out the real cause for the assault.

Most of them had something to say to Eddie, and he made the personal acquaintance of more brokers that day than ever before since he had been in Wall Street.

Charley met him out on an errand and stopped him with a whack on the back.

"Say, your boss was up against it hard yesterday afternoon, wasn't he?" said Gates.

"Yes, he had rather a strenuous experience for awhile."

"How was it that you happened to come on the scene at the right moment? I never knew you to be down town as late as that."

"Well, you see I was over to Jersey City on an errand, and had orders to return to the office. Mr. Sharp said he would remain there up to six o'clock. He had an appointment with Walker Bennett at five."

"That's the man who assaulted him?"

"That's right. He's the broker I called on that morning I met you at the elevator in the Pluto Building."

"He is the man that told you to get out of his office when you asked for an answer to the note you brought?"

"Correct."

"He must be a fierce proposition."

"He isn't an angel by any means."

"What was yesterday's trouble about?"

"Something in relation to Montana Copper stock. I couldn't say just what."

"Bennett was a fool. He's got himself into serious trouble without gaining his point, whatever that was."

"I hope he'll get it in the neck when he's tried. A chap who will do what he did to old Mr. Sharp ought to get twenty years."

"He might get five. I wouldn't count on his getting any more."

"Well, so long. I've got to get on."

Eddie went on to the Exchange, while Charley returned to his office.

There wasn't anything particular doing in S. & W. that

day, nor the day after, but on the third day it advanced a point, and on Saturday morning another, closing at 86.

On Sunday the papers published the news of the coal discovery, and on Monday there was great excitement around the standard of the stock.

Brokers fell over one another in their eagerness to buy S. & W. shares, and as a consequence the stock boomed.

At the hour the Exchange closed it was going at 94.

Eddie let his holdings go next day at 98, clearing about \$2,800, which made him worth, altogether, \$5,000.

CHAPTER IX.

EDDIE GETS IN ON RED TOP.

As soon as Eddie got his statement and check in settlement of his S. & W. deal he lost no time in getting in on the Red Top Mining matter.

The stock had dropped to 55, and at that figure he gave an order to the bank to buy 40,000 shares if they could be gotten.

The market value of the shares was \$22,000, and Eddie put up \$2,200 in margin.

He told the bank clerk where he believed 20,000 shares could be picked up, and said he guessed the balance could be found among the Broad Street Curb brokers and the Jersey City traders.

The bank's representative got on the job at once, and succeeded in finding the required 40,000 shares before noon on the following day.

Then Eddie was notified by letter that the bank had secured the shares and held them subject to his order.

Two days later Townsend and Carson started in to buy the stock, and then found to their astonishment that there was scarcely any to be got.

They ascertained the name of the broker who had done the buying for the bank, and Townsend called on him to try and find out for whom the trader had made the purchases.

He told Mr. Townsend that he bought the stock to fill an order he had received from the little bank on Nassau Street.

Mr. Townsend then went to the little bank and interviewed the cashier.

The cashier declined to disclose the identity of the person for whom the bank was acting, but said that if the trader wanted any of the stock, and would make a bid, he would submit it to their client.

Mr. Townsend said he would give sixty cents for the whole or any part of the bank's purchases, and left his office address in Jersey City for the cashier to use in communicating with him.

The cashier immediately sent Eddie word of the offer the bank had received for his stock.

The boy was at no loss to guess who had made the offer, and declined to sell the stock at all, for he knew neither Townsend nor Carson would pay what he intended holding out for.

His refusal to sell the stock was duly forwarded to Mr. Townsend, who then, after a consultation with Carson, made an offer of seventy-five cents a share.

This was a high price for the stock as the record of Red

Top stood, and the bank expected that Eddie would grab at it at once.

When Townsend and Carson learned that their high offer had been refused they were satisfied that somebody in New York had learned of the developments in the Red Top mine, and that they were out of the good thing.

They made a canvass of all the brokers in Jersey City and New York who handled mining stock and succeeded in finding 12,000 shares, and this was the best they could do.

They gave an average price of sixty-five cents a share for it, as the price had advanced that much on the Goldfield Exchange.

About the close of the following week the news was published of the rich strike in Red Top, and there was a scramble among the New York and Jersey City mining brokers to buy some of it.

Those brokers who had sold to the bank's broker, and to Townsend and Carson, now kicked themselves for letting the stock get away from them.

They tried their best to get a portion of it back and found that it was now scarcer than hen's teeth.

They could not imagine where it had all disappeared to of a sudden, for only two weeks before they could pick it up anywhere from fifty-seven to sixty cents a share.

They figured that some parties had secured information about the strike in the mine, and that these parties had cornered all that was in sight, which was in point of fact the truth.

The insiders in Goldfield had bought up all they could get, and the result was a dollar and over was bid for it in any quantity on the Goldfield Exchange without any of the stock coming to the surface.

As it was known that some 60,000 or 70,000 shares of Red Top had been sold in the East, and that these shares were understood to be floating around New York and Jersey City, the Eastern brokers received orders from Goldfield to pick it up at \$1 or thereabouts.

Word, however, was sent back that the stock had mysteriously disappeared from the mining markets of New York and Jersey City, and that not a share could be got at that price.

Continued bidding in Goldfield sent the price up to \$1.50 a share, and as Mr. Sharp received a daily report of transactions on the Goldfield and other Western mining exchanges, Eddie was kept informed of the advanced value of Red Top.

At \$1.50 a share he stood to make over \$35,000 on his deal, but as yet he was in no hurry to let his holdings go as he believed it might go to \$2 a share, or even better.

The prospect of such big winnings did not make Eddie so excited that he couldn't attend to his regular work in the office.

Somehow or another his two previous deals had made him accustomed to look for a good profit when he had a good thing in hand.

Although \$35,000 was 'way and above his previous profits, yet he knew that large fortunes had been made out of mining stocks, and there was no reason why he shouldn't be one of the fortunate ones, especially as the reports from Red Top were daily more encouraging.

His mother and sister, as well as Sylvie Thorne and even Charley Gates, noticed a change in his general demeanor.

They seemed to have become more of a man all at once, otherwise he gave no indication that anything unusual had happened to him.

Annie and Charley both thought that the change was due to his having saved Mr. Sharp from the fangs of Walker Pett, and that he now felt pretty solid in the office in consequence thereof.

"Say," grinned Charley one day, "I guess you're the able thing in your office now next to the boss."

"Oh, no, I'm just the same as I always was," replied Eddie.

"No, you're not. You've changed ever since you helped Mr. Sharp out of his hole. I thought maybe he'd taken you in as junior partner."

"You've got another think coming, then, Charley. The only partner Mr. Sharp ever had, or probably ever will have, is dead and moldering in his grave years ago."

"Well, you have the air of a junior partner, at any rate."

"I wasn't aware of that fact."

"I'll leave it to Sylvie Thorne. We were talking about it the last time I saw her."

"Were you? Well, I feel greatly flattered to learn that I was the subject of so much importance to both of you."

"Don't get sarcastic."

"I suppose you were both very much disturbed on the subject."

"Oh, come now, we can't help remarking the fact when we see you act different from usual."

"So you think I've got a swelled head because I was so fortunate as to do Mr. Sharp a good turn?"

"No, I don't think you've got a swelled head exactly. But I know how I'd feel if I helped Mr. Ludlow, or Mr. Mills, out of a tight box. I'd feel as if I was of more importance in the office, and that my job was pretty secure."

"Isn't your job just as secure as long as you attend to business as you ought to?"

"I suppose it is," admitted Charley; "but when a fellow does his boss a favor as big as you did for Mr. Sharp, why it makes a heap of difference in his official standing."

"Well, if it will relieve your mind I will tell you that the favor I did for Mr. Sharp is not worrying me much one way or the other. I am glad I was able to be of service to him, and I believe he is grateful to me for what I did for him, but that covers the whole matter. If there is any apparent change in me to your eyes, and Sylvie's, it is because I'm growing wealthy, and the thought of how I shall make good use of the money that's in sight, is largely occupying my mind to the exclusion of lighter topics."

Eddie spoke with exaggerated solemnity, and he used the biggest words he could think of to express what he had to say.

At the same time he felt like laughing outright at the expression that came over his friend's face as he spoke.

"Oh, that's it—you're growing wealthy," said Charley, with a quizzical look. "Becoming a millionaire, I suppose. So that's what is troubling you?"

"Yes, that is what is troubling me," replied Eddie.

"I wish I was suffering from the same trouble, if it was real, only in your case I think you're giving me another dose of hot air."

"Which is equivalent to saying that you doubt my assertion, eh?"

"Well, I don't like to call you a liar, that wouldn't be friendly, but I think you are stretching the truth to the limit."

"One of these days, Charley, when that brain of yours wakes up to the realization that everything I've been telling you is a cold, hard fact, you'll be sorry that you doubted me. Let me recall to your dense vision that I told you I made \$1,200 on M. & N., and you said I was jollying you. Then I called your attention to the fact that I was long on 200 shares of S. & W., and you intimated that you didn't believe me. Therefore, it will be useless for me to expect you to take stock in my statement that I collared \$2,800 out of the deal. With the sum of \$5,000 in good, yellowbacks you will, no doubt, laugh when I tell you that I bought 40,000 shares of Red Top mining stock at fifty-five cents on a margin of ten per cent., and that those shares are now worth \$1.50 at this moment, making my profit so far on the transaction just about \$35,000. Add to this sum my \$5,000 capital and you will see that I reckon myself worth \$40,000, with every prospect that further advances in Red Top will make it \$50,000. The responsibility that they say always attaches to the possession of a considerable sum of money is probably beginning to have its effect on me, that's why I look different to you and Sylvie."

Charley listened to Eddie's truthful story with the air of one who was thoroughly satisfied that he was being jollied.

That plain Eddie Scott, a boy of his own age and position in life, whom he always knew as being hard up, should have suddenly branched out into such a successful speculator as he claimed, or pretended to claim, was, in his mind, too absurd to be considered.

If he had known that Eddie found an envelope with \$700 in it in the first place that would have altered the matter a good deal, for then Charley could have understood how he got his start.

But Eddie, for reasons, didn't tell him anything about that bit of luck, therefore Charley took no stock in the statements he made about his deals.

"You tell it well, Eddie," said his friend, after he had finished. "So you're worth \$40,000—in your mind, with prospects of making it \$50,000? You ought to join the Ananias Club. It's my opinion you'd be elected president."

"All right, old man, have it your own way. One of these days I'll take your breath away by shaking a wad of yellowbacks as big as a house under your nose. That's the way I'll get a sweet revenge on you," said Eddie, walking away.

CHAPTER X.

RED TOP PROVES A WINNER, AND THE SCOTTS MOVE INTO A NEW HOME.

About this time a rising market caused business in Wall Street to pick up, and as a good share of patronage came to Mr. Sharp, whose reputation was second to none in the district, Eddie was kept on the hustle from nine till after three carrying messages from the office to brokers in different buildings, and to the bright young clerk at the Exchange who represented Mr. Sharp on the floor.

As the days went by Red Top advanced on the various mining markets from \$1.50 to \$1.75 a share, adding about \$10,000 more to Eddie's worldly wealth.

He chuckled when he thought of the surprise he had in store, not only for the unbelieving Charley, but also for his mother and sister, who had not the faintest suspicion that he was worth a cent.

One of the chief reasons why he told Charley the facts about his winnings was because he felt sure Charley wouldn't believe him and that would add a whole lot to the laugh he expected to have on him in the sweet by-and-by.

About the middle of the following month Red Top reached \$2 a share.

That meant another \$10,000 profit for Eddie.

"If it would only keep on going up till it went out of sight," thought the boy, "I might become a millionaire without doing any more work."

For awhile nothing more passed between Eddie and his friend on the subject of the fortune the former had said he was making and worrying about.

One day, however, Charley remembered the matter and, with a tantalizing smile, asked him if he had reached the \$50,000 mark yet.

"Sure I have, and past it."

"How much past?" grinned Gates.

"About \$10,000. If you wanted to know the exact amount I'd have to do considerable calculating. I bought Red Top at fifty-five cents and it's now worth \$2.05, according to the latest Goldfield quotations. Forty thousand shares cost me \$22,000, of which amount interest is being charged against me on \$19,800, which I owe upon it. Forty thousand shares at \$2.05 amounts to \$82,000, the present value of the stock. Deduct from that sum \$19,800, interest thereon for 38 days, and the bank's commissions, and to the remainder add my capital of \$5,000, and you will know exactly what I'm worth this moment."

"Say, you're a peach, Eddie," laughed Gates. "I'll give you credit for having a wonderful memory. That's a great advantage to a fellow when he tells a whopper and attempts to back it up right along with facts. I'm beginning to think that you actually imagine that you're telling the truth."

"Well, Charley, whatever my faults, I've always tried to imitate the story of George Washington and the Cherry Tree."

"Yes, there's about as much truth in you being worth \$60,000 as there is in that story, which has the whiskers of age on it."

"Then you don't believe that George Washington cut that historical cherry tree down and then owned up to the deed like a little man?"

"What do you take me for? Some politician invented that yarn to help elect Washington a third time, but it went to waste, because George wouldn't accept the re-nomination. I know a better story than that on the same lines. It's not about Washington, but about a conscientious chicken."

"A conscientious chicken is good, Charley," laughed Eddie.

"So is the story. You see, it was this way," grinned Charley. "A youthful hen found an egg one day, and, sitting upon it, hatched it out in due course. The hen's mother, who had laid that egg, came along, and, seeing only the broken shell with her daughter close by, exclaimed severely, 'Who has dared destroy my favorite egg?' The

conscientious feathered offspring replied, 'I cannot tell a lie, mother; I did it with my little hatch it.'"

"That's pretty good for you, Charley, but if I were you I wouldn't tell that too often. Something might happen to you."

Eddie, however, thought it was such a good story that he told it to Sylvie when he got back to the office, and she laughed heartily over it.

"You see," explained Eddie, "Charley is practicing for vaudeville. He expects to make his debut as a monologist, and I suppose he'll spring that little story on his audience. If he escapes alive he'll be lucky."

During the next fortnight Red Top went up to \$2.15 and then dropped back to \$2.

"Looks as if the stock had reached its limit. I guess I'd better let out some of my shares."

Accordingly he ordered the bank to dispose of 10,000 shares in small lots at the market.

The shares were sold through different brokers on the Curb and Eddie got \$20,000 for them.

With that money, and the cash he still had on hand he settled with the bank in full, and became the actual owner of the remaining 30,000 shares, that had a market value of \$60,000.

As Townsend and Carson disposed of their 12,000 shares at about \$2, that put 22,000 shares on the market, and the price in the local markets went down to \$1.90, though it was selling at \$2 in Goldfield.

After the lapse of several weeks Eddie, finding that the stock continued to hang around that figure, concluded to get rid of his holdings by degrees.

He sent 10,000 shares to a big brokerage house in Goldfield and got \$20,000 for them.

The balance he got rid of in Jersey City and on Broad Street at \$1.95.

A short time afterward, the product of the mine going down, the price of the stock fell to \$1.45, where it remained with sundry fluctuations above and below.

Eddie was glad he had got out of it at top-notch figures.

With \$58,000 stowed away in a safe deposit box he had rented for the purpose, he felt he had no kick coming.

Having closed up his mining stock deal, and with nothing now on his mind to occupy his attention outside the office, Eddie began to think it was high time that the Scott family should move into a better flat, in a more refined location.

Without saying anything to his mother, he went around and investigated several choice five-room apartments.

Finally he decided on one that he knew would please his mother and sister, so he took it, and paid a month's rent on it.

That night, when they were all at supper, he said:

"Mother, I think we've lived long enough in this house. It's shabby and in need of repair, and the agent doesn't worry himself about fixing it up for us, so we'll let him do that for another tenant."

"But a better flat will cost more, Eddie," said his mother, "and it will also cost something to move."

"Don't you worry about that. I'll pay the rent of the flat we move into, and the expense of transferring our goods."

"You!" she ejaculated, surprised.

Yes, mother. I've made another good haul in the market and I can afford to do the right thing by you."

"Why, Eddie," said Edith, "you never told me that you had gone speculating again."

"Oh, there are lots of things I don't tell you, puss. For instance, you don't know how many best girls I have."

"No, I guess I don't. I thought that Sylvie Thorne was your bright, particular star, from the way you've talked about her. You promised to introduce me to her. When are you going to do it?"

"Come over to the office on Saturday at one and I'll keep my promise."

"I will if I can," said his sister; "but what about this new flat? Have you been looking at any?"

"Yes. I've got one picked out, and paid a month's rent on it."

"Have you? Where is it?"

Eddie mentioned the street and number.

"Go over in the morning and look at it, mother," he said. "Here's the rent receipt; then engage a moving van, and start in packing up."

"That looks like business," said Edith.

Neither Mrs. Scott nor her daughter had any objections to moving away from their present habitation.

It was, as Eddie had remarked, in poor condition, and the agent had refused to fix it up, though he could not but see that it needed it.

However, after the Scotts got out he would have to fix it up if he expected to rent it again.

But that's the way with landlords and their agents—the tenant in possession always gets the short end of the contract.

Edith said she'd like to see the new flat that night, as she couldn't do it in the day time, so Eddie took her around and the janitor obligingly showed the rooms by aid of candle light.

"I think this is a lovely flat," the girl said. "How much are you paying for it?"

Eddie told her.

It seemed a steep rent to her, and she didn't understand how her brother could afford to pay it.

"Don't let that worry you, puss," laughingly answered Eddie. "If I couldn't see my way to paying this rent I wouldn't think of taking the flat."

"Mother will be delighted with it," said his sister, as they walked home.

"She's the principal one to be suited," replied Eddie.

And so in a few days the Scotts moved into their new home.

CHAPTER XI.

EDDIE GETS IN ON A BOOM AND MAKES A BIG HAUL.

Of course one of the first callers at the new flat was Charley Gates, who had taken a great fancy to Eddie's sister Edith.

He judged that the rent must be high, and he wondered how the Scotts could afford to pay it.

This flat had a private hall which Eddie had fitted with a fine red carpet.

The old carpets used in the other flat, and which had grown threadbare from constant service, had been discarded,

and their places taken by rugs of a good quality and suitable sizes.

The parlor rug had cost Eddie \$40, and the dining-room one \$25.

The bedrooms, however, were carpeted with a pretty pattern.

Eddie had also invested in an oak sideboard, and had replaced the old wooden beds by iron ones, painted white, with brass tops.

Altogether, the refurnishing had cost Eddie nearly \$250.

Charley, after looking the place over, and commenting on its improved appearance, mentally decided that some relative of the Scotts had died and left them money.

That was the only way he could account for their sudden rise in prosperity.

"You have a swell flat now," he remarked to Edith.

"Yes, it's very nice, indeed. Eddie paid for all the new things you see, and he's paying the rent besides."

"What!" gasped Charley. "Eddie has paid—where did he get the money?"

"Why don't you know? I thought he told you. He's made money in the market."

"The dickens he has! He's been telling me some cock-and-bull story about being worth \$60,000, but you couldn't expect me to believe that."

"Of course not. That would be too ridiculous. But he's made quite a sum, for all these things cost him a pretty penny."

"Didn't he tell you how much he made?"

"No," said Edith, shaking her head. "He's very close about it."

So Charley tackled Eddie presently.

"Your sister says you've been making money in the market. How much did you make?"

"Haven't I been telling you right along," replied Eddie, with a curious smile.

"You've been giving me ghost stories right along. Now I wish you'd tell the truth."

"You're giving me a pretty hard reputation, Charley, and before my folks, too."

"I can't help it. You shouldn't have tried to fill me up with gas about your imaginary deals, especially the Red Top one, in which you claimed to have made about fifty thousand. Now, own up for once. Tell me how much you've pulled out of the market."

"What's the use?" laughed Eddie. "You wouldn't believe me."

"Of course I wouldn't if you gave me the same old steer."

"That's what I thought, so I won't say anything."

Charley was clearly annoyed.

"All right," he said, "don't. I'm not curious about the matter."

"Don't get mad, Charley," said Eddie. "What difference does it make, anyway, whether I made \$1,000 or \$60,000, as long as we're friends? I've made enough, at any rate, to enable mother and sis to put on a little more style than we used to."

"Oh, I ain't mad," replied Gates. "We'll let it go as you say. You made something, and I'm glad you did. I wish I was as lucky."

The conversation then turned to another subject, and after a while Charley went home.

A few days afterward Eddie found out through the conversation of a trio of brokers in his office that a combination of big operators had been formed to boom C. & D. stock.

The brokers had called to engage Mr. Sharp to conduct a portion of the buying for the pool.

Eddie looked up C. & D. in the market report and found it was ruling at 55.

Before the day was over he went to the little bank and ordered the purchase of 5,000 shares of the stock.

He wouldn't take the chances of loading up with any more, as he prudently determined to hold enough money back to make good a possible call for more margin if the price should happen to fall several points before the boom got started, which often happened.

The stock did fall in value three points within the next two days, but after that it slowly recovered and gradually went to 56 by the close of the week.

Eddie watched the ticker all during the following week and noted that C. & D. fluctuated like the swing of a pendulum, but the trend was upward.

It closed each day about a point higher than the opening figure of the morning.

When Saturday came around again it was ruling at 60 3-8, which meant that the boy could have made \$25,000 if he sold out then.

Eddie had no intention of selling out yet awhile.

He expected to clear at least \$50,000 on this deal, for he felt confident that the price would go to 65, at any rate.

"I thought you said your sister was coming around to make my acquaintance," said Sylvie, as she was covering up her typewriter preparatory to quitting work that Saturday. "I believe she promised to come two weeks ago."

"She was detained at her office, and last Saturday she had to get uptown early," replied Eddie. "However, she'll be here to-day, unless something unforeseen turns up."

"I hope so, as I should like to know her."

The words were hardly out of her mouth before one of the clerks came over and told Eddie that his sister was in the reception-room.

The boy went out and brought her into the counting-room.

"Miss Thorne, this is my sister," he said. "Edith. Miss Sylvie Thorne."

The girls bowed and sized each other up.

The first impression in each case seemed to be favorable, and soon, to Eddie's satisfaction, they were talking together like old friends.

"I've heard a good deal about you, Miss Thorne," said Edith, laughingly. "Eddie is forever talking about you. He says you're the nicest——"

"Oh, come, now, Edith, none of that," objected her brother, flushing.

Sylvie also blushed a little.

At that moment Charley Gates came in.

He was delighted to find Edith there, and she smiled graciously upon him.

Then Eddie invited them all to lunch at his expense.

"Where are you going to take us? To Del's?" grinned Charley.

"Oh my, we couldn't think of going there, could we, Miss Scott?" exclaimed Sylvie.

"No, indeed. It wouldn't be fair to bankrupt Eddie," laughed Edith.

"Don't you worry about bankrupting me," put in her brother. "I've got more money than you imagine."

"That's right," said Charley. "He's worth \$60,000."

"Is that all?" said Sylvie.

"Never mind what I'm worth, as long as I can foot the bill for the lunch. Come on, let's be going. The janitor is coming in to clean up, and that's a hint for us to make ourselves scarce around these diggings."

Eddie took Sylvie under his wing while Charley escorted Edith.

In that order they walked up Wall Street to Broadway, and soon found their way into one of the well-known restaurants.

Eddie ordered a first-class lunch, to which they did ample justice, and then they walked up to City Hall Park and took the underground train for Harlem.

Edith and Charley got off at One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street, but Eddie went on with Sylvie to her home in the Bronx, where he was invited to stay for tea, and accepted.

Soon after the Exchange opened Monday morning the attention of the brokers was attracted to C. & D., and many of them began to make offers for the stock.

Then the fact was developed that there seemed to be scarcely any of it on the market.

That led to the natural conclusion that the shares had been cornered by some syndicate of speculators.

Half an hour later the stock was up to 65, and the traders seemed to be going wild over it.

Brokers with buying orders for it were continually coming on the floor and laying for a chance to get enough of the shares to satisfy their customers.

While Eddie was there it went up a whole point to 66.

An hour afterward he was sent back with another note and found the brokers howling and struggling as if their lives were at stake.

C. & D. was up to 70 and a fraction.

"That's good enough for me," said Eddie to himself.

"I'm not going to wait until the tide turns and catches me with 5,000 shares in my possession. I would probably land in the soup. It's topheavy as it is, for it's way above what it usually sells for. It's a funny thing that so many people want stock when it's way up. No amount of experience teaches them that when the price is high, and going higher, a slump may come at any moment."

On his way back to the office Eddie went to the bank and ordered his shares sold.

The bank's representative let it out in small lots so as not to disturb the market, and inside of half an hour the boy was out of it with a profit of \$75,000 coming to him, which he got in the form of a check on the following day.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NEW DISCOVERY GOLD MINE.

The Grand Jury having found an indictment against Walker Bennett for his attack on Matthew Sharp, his trial came on and his bondsmen turned him over to the sheriff.

He was defended by eminent counsel, and an effort made to prove that he was suffering from an attack of temporary insanity at the time he committed the offense.

The jury, however, disagreed with this view of the matter and found him guilty.

An application for a new trial on technical grounds was made to the judge, and denied.

Then a stay was obtained until the verdict could be reviewed and passed on by a higher court.

This gave the convicted broker a respite from going to the State prison.

But it didn't avail him anything in the end, for the higher court refused to reverse the verdict, and Bennett was taken to Sing Sing prison up the river to put in a sentence of three years and six months.

That seemed to settle his career as a Wall Street broker.

When Mr. Sharp got possession of the 5,000 shares of Montana Copper, which he had bought from Mrs. Wise for \$5 a share, the price had advanced to \$5.25.

The old broker sent his check to the widow for the \$24,000 balance, together with interest on that amount for the time that had intervened between the date of the sale and the time he got the certificates from Walker Bennett.

This amounted to something over \$100.

Eddie carried the letter to her containing the check, and thus made her acquaintance.

She took quite a fancy to the boy and told him the history of the case.

"It was mighty fortunate for you that you met Mr. Dean that day before you had completed the sale of the stock," said Eddie. "Otherwise you might never have found out that Walker Bennett swindled you out of nine-tenths of the value of your shares."

She nodded and looked at Mr. Sharp's check with great satisfaction.

"I'm going to give up keeping boarders now and invest part of this money in a house."

"That's a good idea, ma'am," replied Eddie. "The interest on the rest of the money should keep you in comfort for the balance of your life."

Mrs. Wise, however, was not as wise as her name might indicate.

Soon after Eddie's visit one of her boarders, having learned that she was worth \$25,000 in cash, began to show considerable interest in her affairs.

The widow was at a great disadvantage when pitted against a schemer, and the boarder was one of those men who are ever on the lookout for an easy mark.

He gradually worked himself into her confidence, and his first object was to persuade her that the present was not a good time to buy property.

He assured her that real estate would take a tumble in value inside of six months and that then would be the time for her to purchase property.

Having succeeded in side-tracking her intention of purchasing a small house for herself, he next essayed to dazzle her eyes with sundry investments by which he promised her large returns for her money.

Mrs. Wise gradually turned a favorable ear to the specious arguments of her boarder, who assured her that he was working solely in her interest.

The boarder had several irons in the fire, but the one he was chiefly interested in was to get rid of a big block of worthless shares of a gold mine in Arizona.

The mine had at one time promised a fortune to its pro-

motors, and had sold for \$6 a share on the exchanges, but the lead had suddenly petered out, and after a vain effort to find more paying ore the property had been practically abandoned.

Hundreds of investors lost money when the stock was finally dropped from the lists, and from one of the unfortunates the boarder in question had bought a block of 10,000 shares for a mere song, and had held on to it with the view of later on unloading it upon some unsuspecting person at a fat profit.

The Widow Wise appeared to be just the easy proposition the boarder had been looking for.

He showed her the original prospectuses of the company, together with a whole stack of old Western exchange reports when the stock was quoted at a good price.

He told her that, owing to trouble between the officers of the company, the shares had gone down to \$2.50, which was about half their real value, and to confirm his statement showed her a lot of newspaper clippings which he had had printed to further his scheme.

One of these clippings stated that the trouble between the company's officials was now almost over and that the shares would surely go to \$5 or \$6 inside of a month.

The alleged newspaper clipping advised all persons owning shares of the stock to hold on to them by all means, as an effort was now on foot by the management to buy in all the shares they could find at the present low price.

The boarder then told Mrs. Wise that he knew of a man who had 10,000 shares of the mining stock which he was anxious to dispose of at the market rate.

This man was ill in bed and not able to go down town and call on a broker.

"Here is a golden opportunity, Mrs. Wise," he said, "for you to double your money inside of thirty days. If that man knew what you and I know he would not think for a moment of selling his stock. If I only had \$25,000 myself I couldn't buy that stock quick enough. You, however, have the money, and the advantage is yours. All I ask is that you promise to give me \$5,000 out of your \$25,000 profit when you sell the shares a month from now at \$50,000."

Mrs. Wise was easily convinced that a small fortune lay within her reach, and she commissioned her boarder to get the stock for her, which he did by taking the certificates from his trunk and handing them to her in exchange for her \$25,000 good money.

The boarder, who was none other than Walker Bennett's chief clerk, Barry Thomas, took the money and proceeded to look for an opportunity in Wall Street to speculate with it.

He hoped to double it before the thirty days had expired, and then he proposed to depart for parts unknown.

The day that the unsophisticated Widow Wise parted with her money for the worthless stock was the day that Eddie got his check from the little bank in settlement of his deal in C. & D.

The boy was now worth \$135,000, and he felt pretty good.

That afternoon, while he was sitting in his seat in the reception-room, a tanned, threadbare stranger entered the office and asked for Mr. Sharp.

He gave his name as William Harlow.

The old broker accorded him an interview.

It was brief, however, and the visitor came out looking very down in the mouth.

He started for the door and then stopped.

Eddie watched him curiously, and noticed that his gait was unsteady.

He turned around and walked up to the young messenger.

"Young man, would you do me a favor?" he asked.

"What is it?" asked Eddie.

"Give me ten cents. I haven't eaten a mouthful to-day, and I'm famished."

There was a hungry glare in the man's eyes that was unmistakable, though it might have been drink, not food, that he craved.

Eddie put his hand in his pocket and fished out the smallest coin he had, which was a quarter.

"Here's a quarter. Get yourself a decent meal," he said.

"Thank you, young man. I sha'n't forget it. It's hard luck when a man who has been once wealthy has to beg for the price of something to eat."

"That's right," nodded Eddie.

"This is the last bit of property I have in the world," he said, indicating the package he had in his hand. "I thought to raise something on it, if only \$100, but I find it has no value to speak of. Once I could have got \$30,000 for it."

"Thirty thousand!" ejaculated the boy. "What is it?"

"A certificate of 5,000 shares made out in my name of the New Discovery Gold Mining Company, of Arizona. I bought it when it was low—twenty-five cents a share. I saw it rise steadily to \$6. That is the time I should have sold out."

"I should think so," replied Eddie.

"But there was every prospect of it becoming worth double that, so I held on. Without warning the mine gave out and the price tumbled to almost nothing. Since then I have held on to it, thinking that some day it might again become valuable. But there is scarcely any chance that it ever will. I offered the certificate to Mr. Sharp for \$50, but he wouldn't touch it. I was ashamed to tell him how strapped I was, though Heaven knows I look shabby enough. If I could get \$25 for the stock I'd gladly accept it, for it is of no use to me, and that sum would keep life in my body awhile longer."

"Let me see the certificate," said Eddie.

Harlow unrolled the package and exhibited it.

"It it's worthless, as you say, no one will give you \$25 for a lithographed sheet of paper."

"It would fetch a cent a share in Goldfield, though the stock is no longer listed, if a purchaser could be found."

"I never heard of this mine before," said Eddie. "It must be a dead one."

The visitor began to roll the certificate up.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the boy. "Leave the certificate with me and I'll take it to the Mining Exchange and see if the secretary knows anything about it. I'll let you have a dollar in addition to that quarter to carry you over till to-morrow. Come in here about half-past three and then I'll let you know if it will be possible to sell the certificate for anything at all."

The visitor agreed to this proposal of the boy's, handed him the package and took the dollar.

"I'm much obliged to you, young man. I'll be here to-morrow afternoon."

Then bidding Eddie good-bye, he left the office.

"I wonder if I'll ever see him again?" thought the young messenger. "This might be only a sample certificate got out by a stationer to show off his work, and, consequently, would not represent any mine at all. That chap having come into possession of it may have started a new game of bunco to raise the wind. Well, what's the odds? The poor fellow looked as if he hadn't seen a square meal in a coon's age. That money I'll never miss, and it won't be wasted, I guess, unless he passes it over a bar for drinks."

Ten minutes later Eddie was sent with a note to a broker in the Vanderpool Building, and there being no answer, he went on down New Street to the rear entrance of the building where the Mining Exchange was located.

Taking the elevator up, he asked for the secretary and was shown into his office.

"I have here a certificate of stock of the New Discovery Gold Mining Co., of Arizona. Is there such a mine?" asked Eddie.

"Let me see the certificate," said the secretary.

The boy handed it to him.

"There is such a mine as the New Discovery, and this is one of the original certificates of treasury stock," said the secretary; "but it is not worth anything, if that is what you called to inquire about. The history of the New Discovery is similar to many other mining propositions, except that it actually did turn out ore of a phenomenal value at first, which secured the mine a place on the exchanges, and the price of this stock went as high as \$6 a share, I believe, at one time. Then the vein of ore gave out entirely, and all efforts to find a fresh lead failed. The mine was dropped from the exchanges and was finally abandoned as worthless."

"Then this certificate is not worth even a cent a share?" said Eddie.

"I wouldn't give \$5 for it."

The secretary took down a book containing a classified record of all mining properties, valuable and otherwise, and looked up the New Discovery.

A brief history of the mine was given there, substantially as the secretary had told Eddie.

Some figures in red ink attached called the officer's attention to a certain page in a series of scrap books on a shelf.

He took the book down.

Facing the page in question was a copy of the printed application for listing the mine on the San Francisco Exchange.

A number of newspaper clippings cut from Western papers were pasted on the page itself.

The secretary looked them over, particularly the last one.

"Well," he said, "this clipping, a recent one, states that several capitalists have bought up the control of the property, probably for a mere song, and are prospecting it and sinking a shaft in a new direction. It is possible that something might come of it, though in my opinion the outlook that the New Discovery will ever again amount to anything is exceeding small."

"Would you advise me to give \$25 for this certificate?" asked Eddie.

"If you can afford to lose the money it would be worth while. If anything encouraging comes of the work now in progress at the mine, the certificate might fetch a few cents a share, in which event you would come out ahead."

That ended the interview.

Next day, when William Harlow called, Eddie paid him \$25 for the certificate, and got him to sign a bill-of-sale.

Then the boy stowed the certificate away in his safe deposit box.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE WIDOW FOUND OUT SHE HAD BEEN VICTIMIZED.

A day or two afterward Eddie met the Widow Wise on Fourteenth Street.

She seemed very glad to see the boy, and asked him why he hadn't called on her.

"Well, I don't often get over in your direction. Have you bought a house yet?"

"Oh, no, I'm not going to buy one till the fall. Mr. Thomas, one of my boarders, told me that it is a bad time to buy property now."

"A bad time!" ejaculated Eddie, in surprise.

"Yes. He says there will soon be a fall in prices, and that I'll be able to save considerable money if I wait till the fall."

"I'm afraid Mr. Thomas doesn't know much about real estate in New York and vicinity. Property will never be any lower than it is now. Everybody who knows anything about the matter says that, and I believe it. I have made a little money lately in the market myself, and I'm going to give mother enough to buy a house. I have told her to look around and pick out what she would like right away. There isn't a particle of use waiting until the fall. Don't let Mr. Thomas' opinion frighten you, Mrs. Wise. Go around and talk to real estate men and satisfy yourself."

"Well," replied Mrs. Wise, "you may be right, Eddie. However, I can't buy a house until my stock doubles in value."

"Your stock! What do you mean? You haven't been investing your money in Wall Street, have you?"

"Oh, dear, no. I wouldn't think of doing that. But Mr. Thomas put me in the way of making a small fortune out of a gold mine, and——"

"A gold mine! Where is it? In Goldfield?"

"No, that isn't the place. It's somewhere in Arizona."

"How many shares did you buy, and what did you pay for them?"

"I bought 10,000 shares and——"

"Ten thousand shares, eh?"

"Yes, indeed. I paid \$25,000 for the stock, and it's worth——"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars, Mrs. Wise!" almost gasped Eddie. "It must be a good dividend payer, for that's \$2.50 a share."

"Mr. Thomas told me it's worth \$5 or \$6 a share, and that as soon as the trouble between the officers is over it will go right up to that. He says I should be able to make \$25,000 out of the stock in a month."

This statement fairly paralyzed Eddie, who knew considerable about mining matters in a general way.

"Mr. Thomas told you that?"

"Yes. He seems to be a very well informed man. He also brought me newspaper clippings from Western papers to prove all he said."

"He did?" replied Eddie, more than ever astonished.

"Oh, yes. This stock was selling at \$6 a share not a great while ago. He showed me what he called market reports, and I saw the price with my own eyes."

Mrs. Wise seemed to consider that as conclusive evidence. Unfortunately for Mrs. Wise, Barry Thomas took care to cut off the dates from the reports he showed her.

They were all of two years old, but she didn't suspect that.

"Who is this Mr. Thomas? Does he deal in stocks?"

"I really couldn't say, but I don't think so, though he goes to Wall Street every day. He said he would have bought the stock himself if he had had \$25,000, because it was the easiest and most certain way he knew of to double the money."

"He said that, did he?" said Eddie, beginning to have a strong suspicion that there was something wrong about the transaction.

"He did, indeed. I have promised to give him \$5,000 when I sell the stock."

"Oh, I see, that's how he is going to pay himself for giving you a good thing. Through what broker did you buy your stock?"

"Mr. Thomas got it for me. He bought it of a sick man who didn't know that the shares would soon double in value."

"Did you give Mr. Thomas \$25,000 for that stock, Mrs. Wise?"

"Of course. I couldn't get the certificates without paying for them."

"If I was you, then, when I sold them I would take them to a reputable broker. Twenty-five thousand or more might be something of a temptation to this Mr. Thomas. How long have you known him?"

"About six months, since he came to board with me."

"Why don't you find out whether Mr. Thomas is a curb broker or is merely employed by a brokerage house?"

"I never thought to ask him, but now that you mention it I will."

"I would, Mrs. Wise. By the way," added Eddie, remembering that he had not asked the name of the mine, and intending to look it up in the Western market reports next day, "what is the name of this mining stock you bought through Mr. Thomas?"

"The name is the New Discovery Gold Mining Co. It's beautifully engraved on——"

"The what?" exclaimed Eddie, fairly startled.

"The New Discovery. It's beautifully——"

"Of Arizona?"

"Certainly—of Arizona."

"And you actually paid \$25,000 in cash for 10,000 shares of the New Discovery Gold Mining Company?"

"Why, of course. Didn't I say so?" said Mrs. Wise, almost petulantly.

"Then you want to have your boarder arrested immediately, for he's swindled you most outrageously."

"Swindled me!"

"Yes, swindled you. That stock isn't worth a cent a share."

Eddie proceeded to explain to her the exact standing of the New Discovery mine.

Mrs. Wise began to show symptoms of hysterics.

"Come, now, Mrs. Wise, I'll see you home, and take a look at those papers that your boarder, Mr. Thomas, showed you as evidences of the worth of the mine, if you have them."

But the widow said that Barry Thomas had not left them with her.

"Well, I'll go home with you anyway and take a look at your certificates to make sure that you haven't made a mistake in the name of the mine."

So Eddie went with her to the boarding-house and she showed him the certificates that Mr. Thomas sold her for \$25,000.

"That Barry Thomas is a rascal," said the boy. "It's a wonder he didn't disappear the moment after he got your money. He must think that you're an uncommonly easy mark. He persuaded you not to buy a house so that he might gather in every cent you had. His nerve is simply colossal."

Mrs. Wise cried and went on in a hysterical fashion.

Eddie did his best to soothe and quiet her down.

As soon as she got into a rational frame of mind again he said he'd go with her and see about getting a warrant for the immediate arrest of Barry Thomas.

The warrant was duly issued on her statement, backed up by Eddie's expert knowledge of the value of the stock in question, and an officer was detailed to make the arrest.

Thomas, however, was not made a prisoner.

That day something he read in the paper caused him to change his mind about remaining in New York and chancing discovery of his fraud.

While Mrs. Wise was out shopping, and before she met Eddie, he came to his room, packed his grip and took a train for Philadelphia.

The only bit of comfort Mrs. Wise had was what Eddie told her about work having been resumed in the mine.

"It is possible that after a time another lead of ore may be discovered on the property," he said; "in which event you may possibly be able to get ten or fifteen cents a share for your stock. It was on the chance of something like that happening that induced me to buy the 5,000 shares from William Harlow. Otherwise I wouldn't have bothered with it."

The boy advised her to put the certificates away in a safe place, and hope for the best.

CHAPTER XIV.

EDDIE AND SYLVIE.

"Eddie," said Sylvie Thorne next morning, "you've been doing a little speculating in the market, haven't you?"

"Yes, a little," replied the boy, smiling at the pretty stenographer.

"Charley told me you made enough to furnish up a new flat for your mother and sister in fine shape."

"He told you the truth, I guess."

"You must have made quite a nice little profit on your deal."

"Which deal do you refer to?"

"He told me that you persist in claiming to have made \$60,000 out of a deal in 40,000 shares of Red Top."

"I never told him that I made \$60,000. I only made \$55,000."

"Why, how could you make \$55,000 in a stock deal of any kind? Isn't that just too absurd for anything?"

"I don't see anything absurd about it. The shares were selling at fifty-five cents, and I got a tip that they were certain to go up to \$2.00 or more. I had just cleared \$2,800 on a deal in S. & W., had \$1,700 cash and Mr. Sharp presented me with \$500 for what I did for him that afternoon. That made \$5,000 in all. It only took half of that to secure control of 40,000 shares of Red Top. I held the stock until it went to \$2, then I got rid of half of it at that price. The other half I sold at \$1.95. I cleared \$55,000. Add to that my \$5,000 capital and you get the \$60,000 Charley spoke to you about, and which he doesn't believe I'm worth by probably \$59,000."

Sylvie looked her amazement.

"Are you really telling the truth, Eddie Scott?"

"I am, but you want to keep it to yourself."

"Your sister never mentioned the fact to me. If my brother had made that much I'd have been so proud of the fact that I'd have told all my friends."

"My sister doesn't know anything about it. Neither does my mother."

"My goodness! And you are really worth \$60,000?"

"I'm worth a good deal more than that. I made \$75,000 the other day out of C. & D. Add that to the \$60,000 and you'll hit the mark."

"I always thought you were smart, but you're twice as smart as I ever dreamed you to be. Why haven't you told your mother and sister?"

"I'm waiting till I can show them a quarter of a million."

"You expect to make that much?"

"Why not? If I managed to make \$135,000 out of \$700, which was the amount I started out with, why shouldn't I make a quarter of a million and more with my present backing? Money makes money, you know."

"Well, Eddie, you've taken my breath away."

"I'd rather take something else away."

"What's that?"

"Your heart."

"Eddie Scott!" cried Sylvie, with a vivid blush. "Aren't you just——"

"What?"

"Please let us change the conversation."

"Don't you like me well enough to——"

"Now, Eddie," remonstrated the fair girl, "I think you're too——"

"Sylvie, you're the only one I've taken into my confidence in downright earnest. I've done it because, my sister excepted, you're the only girl I care for in all the world, and I like you in a different way from Edith. If you can't care for me as I want you to I'd like you to tell me right now, and then—well, I won't bother you any more with my attentions. Now do you care for me or don't you?"

"Of course I care for you," she answered, blushing.

"Enough to promise to marry me some day?"

"Yes," she replied, softly.

"Then I'm satisfied. It's as much for your sake as my own that I'm trying to make all the money I can."

"I should like you just as well whether you had money or not."

"Do you mean that, Sylvie?" asked Eddie, slipping his arm around her waist.

"I do."

"You deserve a kiss for that," and suited the action to the word.

The appearance of a couple of the clerks at that moment caused a postponement of any further lovemaking on Eddie's part, and he went outside and took his seat, quite satisfied with the progress he had made in Sylvie's affections.

Eddie had been watching the market very closely of late, and especially a certain stock known as L. & M.

He had noticed that it had been quietly rising from 69 to 73 within a week.

So that day he went to the little bank and bought 5,000 shares at the market.

He put up \$36,500 to secure the bank, or ten per cent. of the purchase price of the shares, the bank advancing the balance.

Next day the stock went up to 74.

There was another stock which had attracted his attention on the same lines, and he got the bank to buy him 5,000 shares of that in the same way.

This was K. P., which was going at 89, after a rise of four points.

With two deals to look after, in which he had invested \$81,000 of his money, he had his mind pretty well employed.

He was now working solely on his own judgment, the same as any outsider.

He did not intend to take the chances he would have done with a tip in which he had confidence.

He was banking on a three-point rise, which would give him a \$15,000 profit in each case.

He hardly looked to see it go much higher, for he did not think any syndicate was at the back of either.

He believed the rise was entirely due to favorable conditions in the roads' business, reports of which had been lately appearing in the newspapers.

On Saturday morning L. & M. opened at 75 5-8.

At eleven o'clock Eddie looked at the ticker tape and saw that it had gone up to 76 3-8.

That was high enough to suit him, so he got leave of absence for a quarter of an hour, ran around to the bank, and told the clerk to order his 5,000 shares of L. & M. sold.

It was done by the time he got back to the office.

"I s'pose you'll lunch with me to-day, Sylvie?" he said, when she was putting on her hat to go home at one o'clock. "We'll go to Del's if you don't object."

"Oh, no," she objected. "I'm not dressed up enough to go to such a swell place. Besides I think it would be a waste of money."

"When a fellow has just made \$15,000 he feels like spreading himself a bit."

"Why, have you made that much to-day?" she asked.

"Yes. I sold out my holdings in L. & M. at that profit."

"I'm so glad. I was afraid you might slip up on these

two deals of yours. I don't like to see you risk so much money in the market."

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained, Sylvie. That's the brokers' motto, at any rate, and as I hope to be a broker some day in the near future, I'm learning to take chances."

"You're still in on K. P., aren't you?"

"Yes. It's going around 90 1-2, which puts me about \$7,000 ahead on it."

"You're a fortunate boy, Eddie. I only hope your luck will continue."

As Sylvie didn't care to go to Delmonico's Eddie compromised on a first-class restaurant on Beaver Street.

After the meal he took the girl to the Academy of Arts in Central Park, where they spent the greater part of the afternoon.

Then he took her home and stayed to tea.

On Tuesday Eddie sold K. P. at 91 and a fraction, and added another \$15,000 to his capital, making him now worth \$165,000.

CHAPTER XV.

ENCOURAGING NEWS FROM ARIZONA.

On Wednesday morning he saw an article in one of the Goldfield papers that caused him not a little excitement.

It read as follows:

"A MINE THAT HAS COME TO LIFE.

"Three years ago the mining world was interested in the news of the discovery of what was alleged to be an enormously valuable gold mining property in the Santa Clara range, 100 miles southwest of Tucson. Samples of a very high grade of ore were assayed and returned phenomenal values. The New Discovery Gold Mining Company was formed to take over the property. One hundred thousand shares of development stock, and subsequently a like amount of treasury stock was sold, machinery was brought to the ground and the work of taking out and shipping the ore went on merrily. The stock was listed on the various exchanges and soon quoted at fifty cents. Before the year was out \$6 was asked and paid for treasury stock originally sold for twenty-five cents. Two large dividends were paid, and it looked as though the big producers of Goldfield would have to take a back seat. But never was the instability of human hopes more conclusively demonstrated. Without the least warning the promoters and stockholders of the New Discovery received a rude jolt. The golden lode which was supposed to be practically inexhaustible gave out so suddenly and so completely as to take away the superintendent's breath. From that day the New Discovery to all intents and purposes ceased to exist as a paying mine. In time it was abandoned and the high-priced stock became valueless. After being forgotten of the world for nearly two years, several sanguine capitalists recently paid a visit to the property and did some prospecting on their own hook. Then they returned to Goldfield, hunted up the men who practically owned the abandoned mine and bought them out. After that they returned to Arizona. Six weeks ago one of these men reappeared in Goldfield and began quietly to buy up all the old shares he could get hold of at about one cent a share. About 30,000 had been sold in New York, and an agent was sent East to secure them, if

possible, with what success we are unable to say. Now the news has come out that the New Discovery has come to life. A new and very rich lead is said to have been found in the mine that promises results equal to, if not better than, the original discovery. Let us hope the report may prove to be true, and that the New Discovery will take its place once more among the rich producers of our country. But until substantial evidence is shown of this fresh lead in the New Discovery we advise our readers to go slow about investing in any of the old stock that may be offered to the public."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Eddie, after he had finished the article. "This certainly looks encouraging. That deal I made with William Harlow may turn out to be a very lucky one. Poor Mrs. Wise may also be able to get a portion, if not all, of her money back. Really, I am almost as much interested in seeing her recover the loss that rascal put upon her as in making a big haul myself. I must show this to Sylvie, and tell her about that certificate for 5,000 shares which I bought for \$25 and which in time may return me a thousand per cent. profit."

When Eddie got home that afternoon his mother told him that she had picked out a nice little house in the upper part of the Bronx, not far from the underground station, which she could get for \$9,000.

It had a fifty-foot frontage on the street, and extended back 130 feet on the bias to another street.

"I'll go up on Sunday, mother, and look it over. If I think it's worth the money you can sign a contract with the owner, or his agent, and I'll give you \$500 to pay on it. Now, I've got something to tell you about a certificate of mining stock I bought awhile ago for \$25, and which I hope may turn up a big winner for me."

He then related the history of the New Discovery mine, as far as he was acquainted with it, and handed her the newspaper article from the "Goldfield Miner" to read.

"You seem to be unusually fortunate in your investments, Eddie," his mother said, after reading the article. "I shall not be surprised to learn that this one has turned out as lucky as the others."

"You don't begin to know how lucky I have been in the last six months," said the boy. "I'm worth a great deal more than the few thousands I have told you of. Just how much I am worth I don't mean to tell either you or sister yet awhile. I want to give you both a good, big surprise one of these days."

"I think you have already surprised us pretty well. You certainly seem to be worth \$10,000, at any rate, for you told me I could pay that much for a house that suited me, and I didn't suppose you would put all your money into a house."

"No, mother, I am keeping a few thousands back to speculate with when the chance comes my way that promises results."

"Of course, I don't know anything about Wall Street speculation, but it seems to me that I heard your father say years ago that it was the riskiest game of chance he knew of."

"That is quite true; but don't worry about me. I'm not taking any desperate chances simply because I see a lot of money in sight. If I did business that way I'd soon find

myself in the soup. I am very careful what I do with my money."

"I'm glad to know that, my son. It would grieve me to learn that you had lost any of the money that you have made."

"Well, mother, you'll soon have a good piece of property in your name, and nobody will be able to take that away from you. You will then be your own landlord, and that will be ever so much pleasanter than living in somebody else's house."

That reminded Eddie of Mrs. Wise, and he told his mother of the misfortune she had met with at the hands of her swindler-boarder.

"I advised her to invest a portion of her \$25,000 in a house and put the rest out at interest, but that rascal Thomas got the inner track with her and now she's as bad off as she was before she found the shares of Montana Copper in her trunk."

"Dear me! she was unfortunate," said Mrs. Scott.

"Call it stupid, mother. A woman with any brains to speak of would hardly turn such a large sum of money over to a comparative stranger without making some investigation. Any broker in Wall Street could have told her that New Discovery stock had no value. It's too bad that I didn't learn about the swindle in time to save her from loss. She seems fated to go up against that class of people. Look how Walker Bennett, now doing time in Sing Sing, tried to do her up on the Montana Copper shares. And he would have succeeded only that she fortunately met an old boarder of hers, named Dean, who is employed in our office. After all, she isn't any better off, since she allowed the value of the Montana stock to get away from her so easily. Some people they say you can fool all the time, and she seems to be one of that class."

After that Eddie kept an eye out for further developments in the New Discovery Mining Co.

He called again on the secretary of the Mining Exchange and asked him if he'd seen the report about the re-discovery of gold ore in the mine, and what he thought about it.

The secretary, of course, had seen it.

It was part of his business to keep track of such things.

They always found a place in the scrap books on the shelf for future reference.

He said the report might be correct, or it might be a fake.

The capitalists who had bought up the original promoters of the mine might have caused the publication of that article for certain ulterior motives, such as to renew public interest in the abandoned mine and make a market for the shares they had acquired at a mere song.

Such things were done by unscrupulous mining men, but he did not mean to insinuate that these men were working such a game.

On the whole, he said, the matter looked encouraging enough for Eddie to maintain a good grip on his shares with the view to the possibility that the mine might turn out to be a good thing after all.

Eddie looked at the matter in the same light, and left the Exchange feeling that the chances were in his favor to some extent.

On his way back to the office he met Charley Gates on Broad Street, talking to a big, strapping A. D. T. messen-

ger boy, who looked as if he would make a good fullback for a football team.

On coming closer he recognized the lad as the boy who had tumbled him into the street that morning on Nassau Street.

The young fellow did not know him, however.

Charley stopped Eddie by catching him by the arm.

"Let me introduce you to a friend of mine," he said.

"Phil Burke, this is Eddie Scott, the richest messenger in the Street, for he says he's worth \$60,000."

Burke grinned and held out his hand.

"Oh, we've met before," said Eddie.

"I don't remember you," said Burke.

"Well, I remember you. I ought to, seeing that you knocked me head over heels into the middle of Nassau Street."

"When did I do that?" asked Burke, in surprise.

"A while ago. I can't remember the exact date. I never wished that I was a big fellow so much as then. I felt like putting it all over you."

Burke grinned again.

He fancied he saw this messenger lad trying to do him up.

"However, I've changed my mind," continued Eddie.

"You did me a great favor on that occasion."

"By knocking you over?"

"Yes. You put me on the road to good luck."

"How is that?"

"Well, it's too long a story to tell you now. Some day maybe you'll learn all about it."

"What are you talking about?" asked Charley, to whom this was all Greek.

"Oh, merely a little hot air that you think I'm getting off."

"Like the \$60,000 you're worth in your mind, eh?"

"You don't keep very good track of what I'm worth. If you add \$100,000 to it you'll come nearer the mark."

"Suffering sardines! Will you listen to that, Burke? He's worth \$160,000 now. The next time I meet him it is likely to be a quarter of a million."

"That is possible if I get in on a new deal that pans out well," replied Eddie, coolly.

"That will do," said Charley. "Come on back to the office."

Accordingly the two boys took leave of Phil Burke and walked toward Wall Street.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

Summer came on with its dull periods, during which Eddie had more time to study up stock matters if he chose to employ his time that way.

Mrs. Scott had bought and taken possession of the new house in the Bronx which Eddie not only paid for in cash, but furnished completely from cellar to garret.

This was a new surprise to Charley, and he began to wonder if Eddie wasn't worth a good deal more than he had suspected.

Certainly he must have made quite a lot of money to pay for a house like the Scotts' new home and furnish it up in fine shape.

And, of course, he must have quite a boodle left to speculate with.

"Eddie is quite a clever lad," he said to himself. "He isn't telling everything he knows, either. I wonder how much he really has made in the market? Of course \$160,000, or even \$60,000, seems like sheer nonsense, though he tells it straight enough. Somehow or another I don't seem to understand him any more. I can't imagine how he got his start in the market. Maybe he got hold of a good tip and sold it, or made an arrangement for a share of the profits. At any rate he got around it some way. I wish I was lucky enough to do the same. Luck seems to come some people's way, while others don't even have a look-in at it."

A few days afterward Charley asked Eddie point blank how much he was worth.

"Isn't that rather a cheeky question to ask a fellow?" asked Eddie, smilingly.

"Well, perhaps it is, but you've been giving me so many ghost stories about big winnings that I really would like to know just where you do stand."

"Seeing that it's you, Charley, I'll tell you once more. I'm worth \$154,000. I was worth \$165,000 the other day, but I bought and furnished a house for mother, you know, and I couldn't do that on wind."

"So you're worth \$154,000?" said Charley, with an incredulous look.

"Yes."

"And you're still running messages for old Sharp?"

"You see I am, don't you?"

"Well, if I was worth a quarter of that you wouldn't catch me wearing out shoe-leather for Ludlow, Mills & Co. Not on your tintype!"

"What would you do? Make a tour of Europe in an automobile?"

"No. I'd go in business for myself."

"What business? Stock broker?"

"No. I'd find something to suit me. I wouldn't work for any boss, you can bet on that."

"Well, Charley, I'm going to quit as messenger in a couple of months."

"Are you? What are you going to do?"

"Hold down a desk in Mr. Sharp's counting-room."

"You are, eh?"

"I expect to."

"And you say you're worth \$154,000?"

"What has that to do with my promotion?"

"I should think you'd rather be your own boss."

"Time enough for that, Charley. I'm only eighteen. I expect to branch out as a broker some day and I want to learn the business from A to Z. I've put in three years almost as a messenger. I know that branch about as well as the next one."

"I'll bet you do."

"Now I'm going to learn the details of the brokerage business, and work my way up to the top."

"Going to keep on speculating?"

"I don't expect to let any good thing get by me."

"Does old man Sharp know that you've been hitting the market?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Say, Eddie, I can't get through my head how you have made so much money."

"Well, don't worry about it," grinned Eddie. "Let me do the worrying."

"How did you do it?"

"By having a little capital and then taking advantage of my opportunities."

"How did you come by your little capital?"

"I owe that to your stout friend, Phil Burke."

"What the dickens do you mean?"

"He knocked me off the sidewalk into Nassau Street one day, and it caused me to find an envelope, without name or address, containing \$700."

"Jumping jewsharps! Is that a fact?"

"Yes."

"Where did you find the envelope?"

"In the dirt of the street."

"My goodness! And you never told me about that before. If you had I'd have understood the matter better."

"Well, you know it now. Better late than never, you know."

"Then you put that \$700 into some stock and it went up?"

"That's right. I made \$1,200. And it was on the tip you gave me. One of these days I'm going to make that all right with you."

"One of these days, eh?"

"Yes. Your reward will keep, and the longer it keeps the bigger it will get."

"I hope it will."

"Well, I can't waste any more time with you now, though there isn't much doing in my shop."

"There isn't anything at all doing in ours. That is, nothing to speak of."

"Then run along and try to find something to keep your mind busy."

With those words the boys separated.

A couple of weeks later Eddie read another article in the "Goldfield Miner" about the New Discovery Mine.

Development work had been proceeding at a rapid rate along the lines of the new body of ore discovered, and several hundred thousand dollars' worth of ore had already been blocked out.

Application had been made to restore the mine to the list on the exchanges and thus bring the New Discovery once more into general notice.

The paper stated that the rehabilitation of the old mine had attracted a great deal of attention, and that ten and even fifteen cents a share had been offered for the stock without bringing any to the front.

Brokers in Goldfield were looking for it, and would be glad to communicate with parties having any of it for sale.

This was great news for Eddie.

If ten or fifteen cents was being offered for the stock his certificate was already worth \$500 and over.

That afternoon he went up to call on Mrs. Wise.

He had already raised her hopes by the previous news he had carried her about the alleged discovery of new ore on the property.

Now he was able to tell her that her certificates would probably bring her \$1,000 in Goldfield.

"But it would be foolish of you to think of selling your

stock at such a price," he told her. "You want to hold on and get as much of your \$25,000 back as possible. In time you might even get it all back."

Mrs. Wise was delighted, and promised not to let the stock get out of her possession without communicating first with Eddie.

A month later the New Discovery mine was listed at 25 cents a share.

Eddie wrote to a Goldfield broker and asked for information about the mine, saying he held 5,000 shares of the stock.

He got a reply by return mail enclosing an offer of thirty cents a share for the stock.

He declined to sell.

A day or two later he saw the mine quoted at fifty cents.

"Lor," said the boy, "stock that I gave \$25 for is now worth \$2,500. If that wasn't a lucky deal, what do you call it?"

Eddie had by this time taken his position as a clerk in the counting-room and a new boy had been employed to act as office boy and messenger.

He found that he had little time now to devote to speculative ventures, and so he turned over the bulk of his capital to the Title Trust & Guarantee Company to invest for him in good five-per-cent. mortgages.

When Christmas came around the New Discovery mining shares were much sought after at sixty cents.

As time went by and the mine was developed, the shares were sold in Goldfield and elsewhere at \$1.50 a share.

This made Mrs. Wise's stock worth \$15,000 and Eddie's \$7,500.

Eddie loaned the widow \$5,000 on her stock to buy a little home for herself, for he did not think it well for her to sell it yet.

Eventually the price went up to \$3, and Eddie sold it for her.

He held on to his own till it reached \$3.50, and then sold out, making \$17,500 out of a \$25 investment—an uncommonly lucky Wall Street deal.

To-day Eddie Scott is a rising young broker.

He succeeded to Matthew Sharp's business, and also to his stenographer, who is now Mrs. Sylvie Scott, mistress of a handsome home in the Bronx.

Charley Gates married Edith Scott and Eddie gave him an interest in his business.

If you happen to be in Wall Street just look up the firm of Scott & Gates, and you will have located the boy who made his way ahead through TIPS TO FORTUNE.

(THE END.)

Read "STRIKING HIS GAIT; OR, THE PERILS OF A BOY ENGINEER," which will be the next number (107) of "Fame and Fortune Weekly."

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Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 11, 1907.

Terms to Subscribers.

Single Copies.....	.05 Cents
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GOOD STORIES.

It is said that the sand dunes along the Lincolnshire coast of England are steadily moving inland. This is due to the wind from the sea blowing the loose sand. Two acres of property belonging to one man have recently been ruined in this way.

A customer had just left the drug store after getting the druggist to put up for him some mixture, the formula for which he had read in a newspaper. "We do a lot of that kind of business," said the proprietor, looking after the man who was going out. "Of course, we wouldn't give people anything but harmless stuff, but some of the compounds are the most utterly foolish things you could imagine. Certain kinds of mixtures have a run and then are succeeded by different ones, according, I suppose, to the dates on which the formulas are published. One week it may be hair tonics, the next cough mixtures and then, perhaps, dyspepsia cures. But the most idiotic thing, so far, is the craze for coal making. No, I'm not joking. Stories of several discoveries of substitutes for coal have been in the papers lately, you know, and it beats all how many persons think they are going to save their coal bills in the future. Oxalic acid, ashes and water is a popular recipe. I don't know how many packages of the acid I've sold in the last week or two. Just out of curiosity, I asked one man the next time he came in what success he met with. 'Oh,' he said disgustedly, 'it was a big fake. I put out my fire and nearly ruined my furnace trying to burn the infernal stuff I made. The coal companies can have my money just the same as usual, unless some better substitute than mine turns up.'"

The first deposit this year of miniature lobsters just through the propagating jars at the Noank hatchery was made by A. W. Rathbun, collector for the hatchery. The small fries numbered about 5,000,000, as near as can be estimated, and were liberated in adjacent Connecticut waters. Over 100 lobsters were scraped to secure this first hatching, and the force at the hatchery were engaged in relieving many female lobsters of their eggs for the propagating process. Nearly all the jars are in operation.

A pigeon belonging to John Shuker of the Market Drayton Homing Club, released at Gloucester, arrived at Market Drayton in seventy-two minutes, in which time he covered a distance of seventy-two miles. The bird returned fifteen minutes before the telegram arrived announcing its release from Gloucester.

In place of fourteen strong arms, pulling seven oars, with another pair at the steering oar, now a four-cylinder, four-cycle gasoline engine pushes the craft along at ten miles an hour.

A solid eighteen-inch propeller, with a reversing clutch, propels the thirty-four-foot boat. Two gasoline tanks, one with a capacity of twenty-five, the other with seventy-five gallons of the colorless fluid in which is locked up so much effort, admits, according to Popular Mechanics, a radius of 200 miles.

Twenty-six different monetary units are used by the forty-eight principal countries of the world. Thus, Great Britain uses the sovereign or pound sterling; France and six other countries of Europe use a unit equal to the franc; and Canada and the United States use the dollar. In value these different units range from 4.4 to 494.33 cents of money of the United States. They are represented in their turn by coins the values of which are either multiples or are fractional parts of the value of their own chief units; and there are no doubt at least 200 such different coins, not one of which seems to have a value equal to that of any commonly known unit of weight, as the gram, for example, or the ounce of gold, although forty-three of these forty-eight countries have accepted gold as their standard measure of values. In the coinage of the world there seems, indeed, to be little that is logical or reasonable. Adoption of a single monetary unit or base, if not of a universal system of coinage to be used in all commerce between the nations, suggests E. W. Perry, would be a long step in that evolution through the centuries, because there has been no concerted, well planned and persistent effort to remove the evils of the existing disorder.

JOKES AND JESTS.

Mrs. Dearborn—Is she getting a collection of anything?
Mrs. Wabash—Oh, yes; marriage certificates! She's got six, so far!

Soker—I won \$50 from Bings last night playing poker.
Joker—Why, does Bings know how to play poker?
Soker—Not yet.

Beggar to Priest—"My father, I am a poor man." "Courage, you will go to Paradise." "But I am dying of hunger." "So much the better; you will go to Paradise all the sooner."

We would say to the individual who stole our shirt off the pole while we were lying in bed waiting for it to dry that we sincerely hope that the collar may cut his throat.

He—Woman is a delusion.

She—Yet man is always hugging some delusion or other.

A clergyman happened to tell his son one Saturday afternoon what lesson he would read in church the next morning. The boy got hold of his father's Bible, found the lesson place and glued together the connecting pages.

In consequence the clergyman read to his flock the following day that "when Noah was 120 years old he took unto himself a wife, who was"—here he turned the page—"110 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch in and out."

After reading the passage the clergyman read it again to verify it. Then, pushing back his spectacles, he looked gravely at his congregation and said:

"My friends, this is the first time I ever read that in the Bible, but I accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

Cora (after a year's absence)—So Belle Forrest finally gave you her hand in marriage, eh?

Peck—Yes, I suppose so; at least, she now has me entirely under her thumb.

Lawyer—But why do you want to bring an action for libel against this man?

Farmer—Why? Well, because 'e called I a pusson of unblemished reputation.

THE OPIUM MANIAC

By Horace Appleton.

"Few people outside of the medical profession have any idea of the extent of the use of opium in this country. Now and then a newspaper article gives a description of the use of opium by the Chinese, and speaks of the opium habit as a vice peculiar to that country. They deplore it in the Chinese, but how much more should they deplore it, since in its fiendish encroachments on the reason of those who use it, it is yearly placing hundreds of its victims in insane asylums in our country."

These words I found endorsed by my uncle on the back of one of his manuscripts, opening which I was deeply interested for several hours in reading his analysis of the effect of opium on the human mind. His remarks were illustrated by two cases, which I herewith present to my readers in almost the exact words of my uncle.

Poor Dick! He was a schoolmate in the years ago, and many a jolly good time we've had together. How we used to go sledding with the girls on a moonlight winter's night, and what royal times we used to have skating on the old mill-pond! Well, well, such is life!

Poor Dick! In that long ago time who would have thought that it would ever be my province to keep you under lock and key, and that I should come to write of you, to use you as an illustration of opium madness!

How Dick Nelson first came to touch opium is unknown, but as he was a sufferer from neuralgia it is supposed that he first took it to ease the pain. Finding that it succeeded, he used it again when the first symptoms of pain appeared, and at last, from using it as a cure, began to use it as a preventive.

Talk of liquor's craving! It in nowise compares with the craving for opium. Dick stopped using it, but immediately the neuralgia returned, and again he sought relief in the insidious-drug, until at last—sick or well—he was compelled to take it.

Dick Nelson was not well, his friends said, but none guessed the horrible truth, for he had sense enough left to be ashamed of the habit, and therefore religiously concealed it. And for the same reason his wife and daughter kept the secret locked in their breasts.

They besought him to give up the use of the pernicious drug; they prayed with and for him; they begged of him; they appealed to his pride, to his manhood—but in vain. Strong in all else, he was as weak as a child where opium was concerned.

I had not seen Dick in a long time, and one night I suddenly resolved to pay him a visit.

I felt his hand tremble as I held it in mine when we met. Somewhat surprised, I glanced into his face searchingly, and read his secret!

He knew that I had done so, and flushed painfully.

I hardly knew what to do. I was much pained, and felt myself in a very delicate position. Friendship for the poor fellow prompted me to speak to him, to warn him of the dangers ahead, but delicacy held me silent.

Happily, he broached the subject himself, and I spoke strongly of the results which might be expected, did he continue the use of opium, which I begged him to drop.

"I'll try; before God! I'll try!" said the poor fellow. "For the sake of old times, do not mention the truth, and I will try hard to drop it, for I now know what a fiend it is which has possession of me."

Time passed on. I did not again visit Dick, for I feared he might suspect me of interfering, something which, in his morbid condition of mind, would, in all probability, only make him worse.

That he did try there is no doubt.

But the demon could not be exorcised.

This I knew when I heard that Nelson no longer went to business.

"He has worked hard and his health is failing," said a mutual friend, but he knew not what I did.

People called on the Nelsons, but Dick was never to be seen. "He keeps much to his room," said his wife and daughter, and none guessed what lay underneath the answer.

Poor Dick! Fully aroused to the horrors of the situation, he battled fiercely with the fiend which had caught him in an embrace as deathlike in its character as the coils of the dreaded cobra.

There were times when he would give in with sheer weakness, and so steep himself with the drug as to lie for days in a pleasant stupor, pleasant to him, and filled with sensuous dreams; and then again he would, for a brief period, seem to realize the anguish he was inflicting on his wife and daughter, and then he would go nearly wild; these latter spells were invariably followed by some hours of deep moodiness, during which his red eyes would fasten themselves on his daughter with a peculiar and fearful expression.

At length the climax came.

Mrs. Nelson had long been mortally afraid of her husband, and no longer went near him. But Alice, his daughter, depending on his deep affection for her as a safeguard, did not hesitate to go near him, no matter in what mood he chanced to be.

"Oh, the disgrace—the disgrace!" he muttered, one day. "I do not care for myself! Suppose I do die from the use of opium? What of it? What do I care for what the world says? But to leave Alice behind, bearing the stigma that would be attached to her—"

He caught his breath and labored for a few minutes under the most intense excitement. Then he became moody and sullen, and his face became lowering, his eyebrows were knitted together.

"She shall not be left behind!"

This he breathed intensely, but so low that it could reach no other ears but his own. And that single sentence told the grim and awful truth.

The opium had done its work! Dick Nelson was a madman!

They knew not that he had a revolver in his possession, yet he had, for all that, and, withdrawing this from its place of concealment, he examined it carefully to see that it was in perfect working order.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed, or rather chuckled, in that fiendish tone which is alone found on the lips of the mad. "Ha, ha! I hear footsteps! Alice—my darling—comes. We'll go to Heaven together!"

Unsuspecting the terrible danger in store for her, Alice Nelson opened the door and glided into the room. She spoke to her father and had turned to arrange his bed, when the sharp click of the pistol-lock behind her caused her to quickly turn; and her pale cheeks became paler still at sight of her father standing there, prepared to send a bullet into her brain.

It was an awful moment of suspense which followed. Had Alice acted differently from what she did, her fate would have been sealed. But she had foreseen that he might some time go stark mad, and had schooled herself to meet that discovery.

So now she looked him calmly in the eye, and quietly asked:

"Father, do you love me as much as you used to say you did?"

"Yes," he hoarsely answered.

"Then why threaten my life?"

"Because," and his tone rang with suppressed excitement, "because I will soon be dead, and I want you with me in Heaven."

Rapidly had her mind worked on the problem presented, and she now quite calmly said:

"Very well, father, it shall be as you wish. I have always been a dutiful daughter and will be so still; but does it not strike you that it would be nicer for us to go there together than for me to go before you and all alone?"

He seemed to ponder a minute.

"Jupiter!" he then exclaimed. "I believe you're right, Alice. But you must promise me that when I want you to die you'll do so."

"I promise," and furtively eyeing her father, she saw him put down the deadly weapon.

Poor girl! Every nerve was unstrung, but by a supreme exertion of will she managed to smooth out his bed, and then, with a light word and a smile, tripped from the room, closing and then softly locking the door behind her, and, for the first time, making her father a prisoner.

Then she broke down completely, and, staggering into her mother's sitting-room, fell upon the floor in a faint.

She was revived quickly, and, flinging her arms about her mother's neck, she brokenly said:

"It's all over, mother. He is mad—dangerously so. Send for the doctor."

Half an hour later the Nelson coachman hastily entered my office.

"Mrs. Nelson said you're to come at once," he said, breathlessly. "Mr. Nelson's in a very bad way, I guess."

"Go right back and tell them I'll be there as soon as possible."

I called a servant. I had an engagement, and must tell her to have the party await my return. My horse and buggy stood before the door, and I was soon tearing away like mad toward the Nelsons' house.

Meanwhile Dick had discovered that his door was locked, his liberty restrained.

It roused him to ferocity, and, grabbing his revolver, he started across the room at full speed, and his strength and weight carried the door from its hinges.

Howling—cursing—stamping—he rushed downstairs and into the parlor, which the coachman had just entered to deliver my message.

In his fury, the madman saw in the coachman an object on which to wreak his vengeance, and seizing him by the wrist, by a peculiar twist brought him down on his knees on the carpet. In another second the deadly weapon was at the head of the frightened coachman, whose whole body was quivering with terror, whose under jaw was dropped in horror, whose face was as pallid as that of a corpse, while above him, with haggard face, and blood-shot, murderously flashing eyes, was the maniac.

"Mercy—mercy!" shrieked the poor coachman. "Oh, Mr. Nelson! you wouldn't murder me! Mercy! Help—help!"

His wild appeals for help were heard, and Mrs. Nelson and Alice bounded into the room. The latter, with a horrified exclamation on her lips, sprang forward to arrest the maniac's arm.

Too late! Crack! A puff of smoke, a wild shriek, and the coachman was lying at full length, the blood which gushed from his head dyeing the rich carpet to a crimson hue.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the madman. "Your promise! Alice! your promise! I now claim it!" And the murderous revolver was turned on his daughter just as I entered the house and reached the parlor door.

Horror held me spellbound for a single instant, and then I sprang forward and dashed up the maniac's arm in time to send into the ceiling the bullet intended for his child.

"Do you know me, Dick Nelson?" I sternly said, as I wrested the revolver from him and he faced me.

"Yes!" he hissed; "yes, I do! Curse you! you said I'd go mad, but you lie—you lie, you lie!"

Happily, a policeman had heard the pistol-shot, and appeared in time to help me master the madman, and he now is under my care, securely caged, and with a chance—God grant it may be so!—of recovery.

[In my uncle's diary I find a brief account of the discharge of Dick Nelson four years later, his reason restored, but his health forever shattered. They had gradually diminished the doses of opium. They had kept him entirely without it for a year, and then discharged him. His wife and daughter took him to Europe, where he afterward died. I also find that the coachman survived his wound, and, being given a large sum by Mrs. Nelson, went into the livery business for himself, and is now running a stable in New York.]

The other case of insanity from the use of opium which I found coupled with that of Nelson was that of a woman, and can be related in a very few words.

"She was of a highly nervous temperament," writes my uncle. "Rarely have I ever met with a case which so thoroughly aroused my sympathies."

The woman spoken of was also a personal acquaintance of my uncle's; young, beautiful, talented and greatly admired.

She was a society belle, dashing, gay, brilliant, and none knew or guessed that her very existence was made a curse by the use of opium.

Henry Medhurst met and loved handsome Bertha Halsey, and, after running the gauntlet for years, to him she surrendered her affections.

"I must conquer this awful habit," she resolutely said, when he had told her of his love, when she saw in the future the prospect of becoming his wife.

And resolutely she set to work, but the task was too much for her, and, with a horrible fear gnawing at her heart, she watched the approach of the wedding-day.

Suppose he should find it out?

She shuddered at the thought. Should she tell him the truth? It would be the true and honest plan, but—it would kill her to lose him, she loved him so deeply—and she kept the fatal knowledge to herself.

Some one guessed the truth, and hinted it to Henry Medhurst.

She denied it point blank.

"He need never know," she said to herself afterward. "And when I am his wife I will have greater strength to battle with this curse of my life. And"—she paused and frowned darkly—"if worst comes to worst, if he reproaches me, I can end my life and so rid him of my presence."

And that very day she placed in her bosom a tiny vial containing poison; and that vial never left its hiding-place from that hour to the hour in which she died.

Hers was not a case of violent insanity, like that of Nelson. She was quiet, seemed sensible and in possession of every faculty, yet was not so, for a person who can deliberately plan self-murder, and carry out that plan, can never be of sound mind.

Rumors as to the truth grew more plentiful, but as she denied them, Henry Medhurst, bound by honor, could only quietly prepare for the approaching wedding-day.

The day dawned at last, dawned bright and beautiful, and Bertha Halsey clad herself in the dress of a bride—a dress she was destined to wear to the grave.

Before the altar, while the minister was saying the words to make her the wife of the man she loved, she experienced that horrible inward sinking, that intense craving; her brain whirled, her sight dimmed—she must have opium or die!

She tried to slip it into her mouth undetected, but Henry Medhurst stopped her hand.

"Opium!" he said, in an accusing, stern tone. "Bertha, you have deceived me."

For one minute she rallied against the horrible weakness.

"I did deceive you, for which God forgive me! Forgive me, you, Henry, for I hoped to conquer the appetite. But I see I cannot. Life without you would be a blank. Good-bye, forever—forever, good-bye!"

Ere a hand could be raised to prevent, she had swallowed the virulent poison, and in ten minutes the bride was a corpse, the wedding garments the cerements of the grave.

"E. T. Snuggs of Shiu Hing, missionary of Southern convention, and I dined with P. P. Wong, a wealthy business man of Shanghai," said the Rev. Dr. N. R. Pittman, one of the two Missouri representatives to the great centenary missionary conference in China and the only representative from Kansas City. "He invited to dine with us four Chinese gentlemen of learning and wealth. They spoke English with accuracy. The dinner was a feast. The course consumed two hours. When we had been dining almost an hour I asked Sinsing Wong how many more courses. He said 'Sixteen.' Every fifteen minutes a servant brought to each one of us a hot cloth, with which he wiped our hands and faces. We surely had a hundred different dishes. We had birds' nest soup. We had things from air and earth and sea and brook. That dinner must have cost Sinsing Wong \$100 in gold."

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